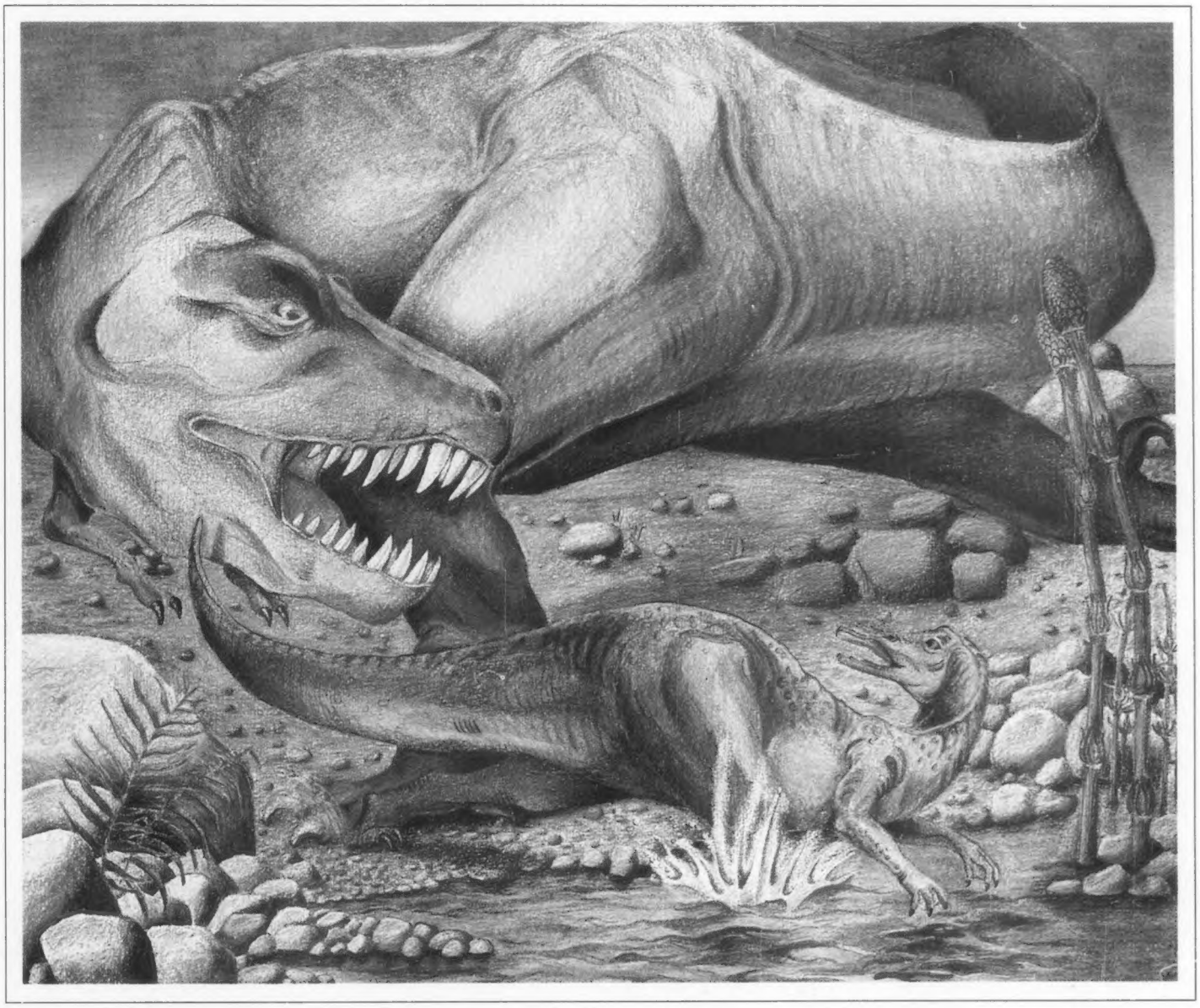
American West

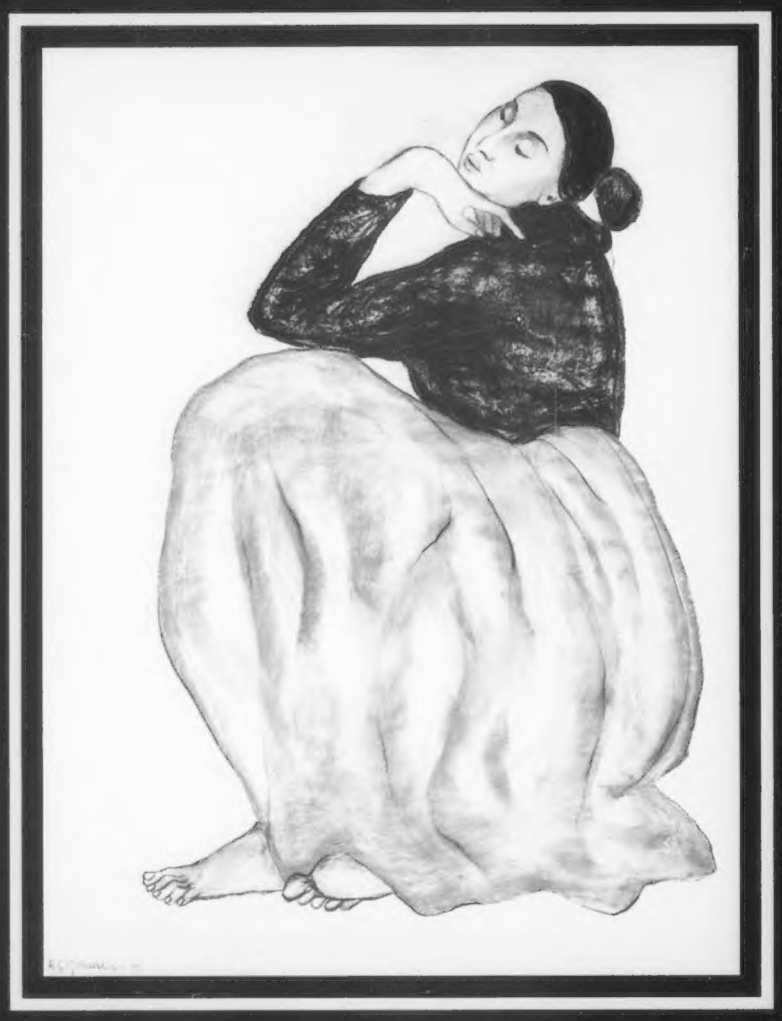
The land and its people



March/April 1983 $3

South Dakota ranchers dig dinosaurs
Man and beast fight blizzard in trail drive
Port Gamble—a company town still working
John Sloan—art and antics in Santa Fe
Western windmills, yesterday and tomorrow

R.C. Gorman



R.C. GORMAN - EXHIBITION POSTERS - PENCIL SIGNED

POSTERS @ $50.00 each

QUAIL HOLLOW GALLERIES

10964 NORTH MAY - OKLAHOMA CITY - OKLAHOMA 73120
405-755-3334

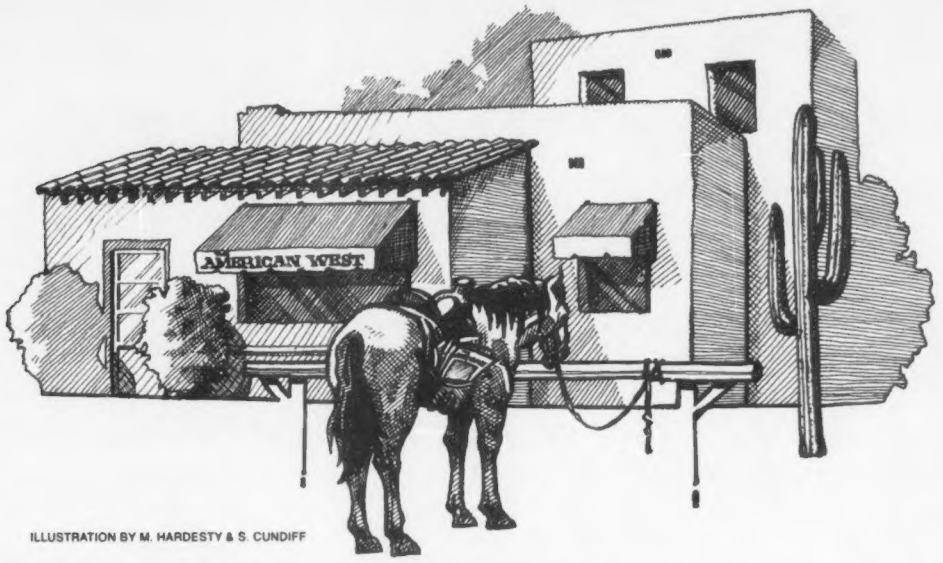


ILLUSTRATION BY M. HARDESTY & S. CUNDIFF

TO: OUR COMPLIMENTARY COPY FOLKS

Reader response to the advertisers displayed on the pages of AMERICAN WEST is important to us. That's why in the last issue we promoted our art advertisers directly through the AMERICAN WEST Art Directory.

The Art Directory was a page of the magazine that listed each of 45 advertisers, their products and/or services, in an individual 35-word paragraph. Readers were invited to send for more information, brochures, or catalogs from the participating advertisers by simply circling a corresponding number on an adjoining envelope and returning it to AMERICAN WEST. As the envelopes arrived at our clearinghouse, the names and addresses of readers were processed and forwarded on to the advertisers on mailing labels.

This valuable marketing service was provided absolutely FREE to AMERICAN WEST advertisers, and was the first in a series of reader-service pages planned for 1983.

Response to the AMERICAN WEST Art Directory has been outstanding. In the first period alone, over **1,200** requests for more information, brochures, and catalogs were received at our clearinghouse! In the second week, well over **2,400** were received, processed, and forwarded on to advertisers! Each week from now, until the Art Directory offer expires at the end of March, the participating advertisers will continue to receive the names of readers who express an interest in their particular product and/or service.

If you are in the art marketplace and missed the opportunity to reach our readers through the FREE AMERICAN WEST Art Directory, contact your sales representative now. The second Art Directory is scheduled to appear in AMERICAN WEST's July/August, 1983, issue. Make your reservations today; space is limited.

Travel Planner

Don't miss the AMERICAN WEST Travel Planner included in this issue. This reader-service page features 23 advertisers offering information, travel packets, and brochures to AMERICAN WEST travelers as they begin to plan their spring and summer vacations.

As the response cards arrive at our clearinghouse the names of the interested readers will be printed on mailing labels and forwarded on to these advertisers each week. Like the AMERICAN WEST Art Directory, the Travel Planner is a marketing service offered FREE to our advertisers.

If you are in the travel field, and missed your chance to be part of the Travel Planner, contact your sales representative. We've got another Travel Planner scheduled for AMERICAN WEST's September/October, 1983, issue.

Future Reader Services

For more information on the reader-service pages AMERICAN WEST has planned for the future, or the measured responses from either the Art Directory or Travel Planner, contact your sales representative listed below:

WEST
Hutch Looney
The Pattis Group
1800 N. Highland Ave.
Hollywood, CA 90028
(213) 462-2700

EAST
Arnie Green
Catalyst
Communications, Inc.
244 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10016
(212) 557-7510

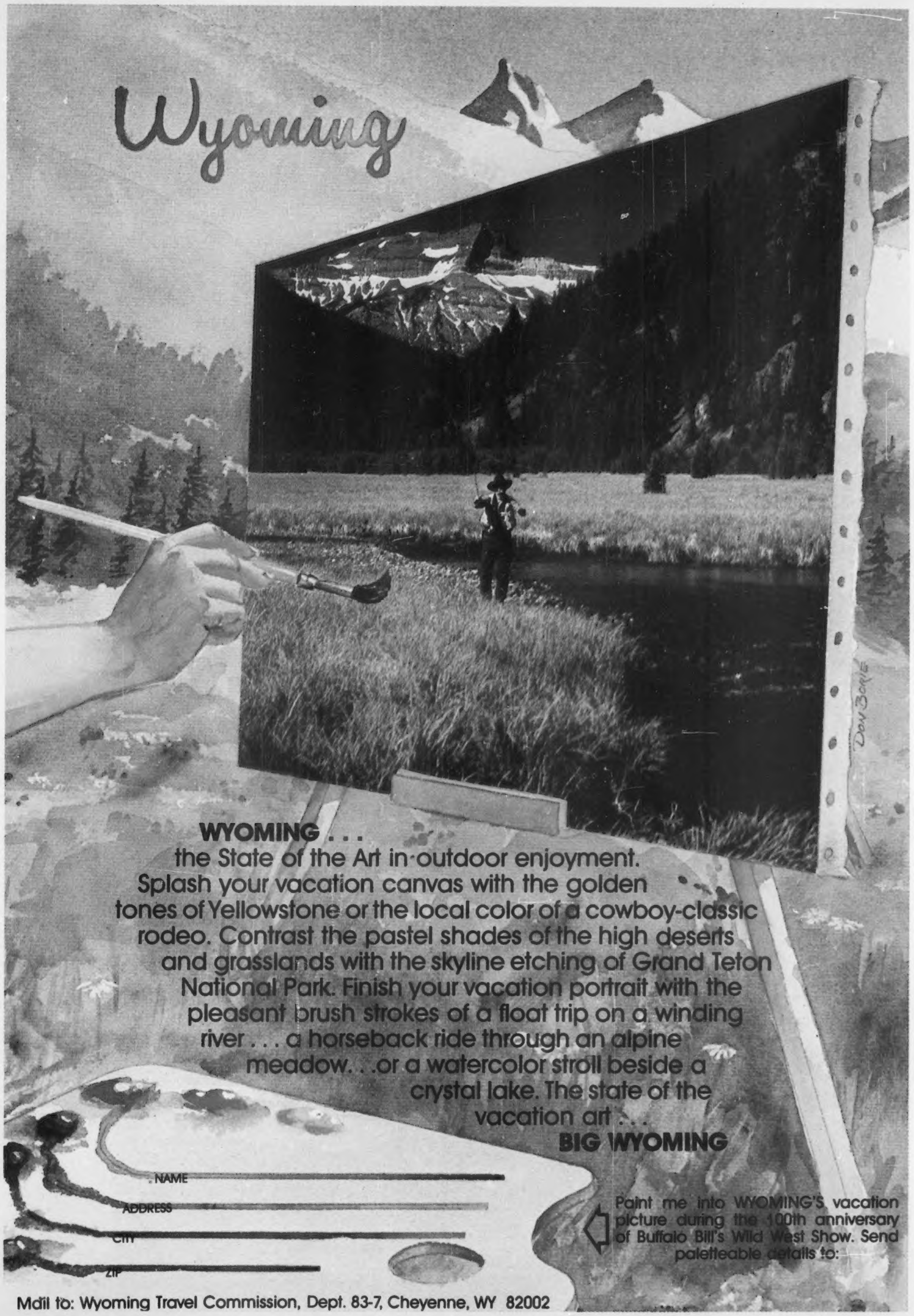
MIDWEST
Annabelle Jacobson
The Pattis Group
4761 Touhy Ave.
Lincolnwood, IL 60646
(312) 679-1100

SOUTH
Fred Abrams
1916 Norfolk
Houston, TX 77098
(713) 522-6662

TRAVEL EAST OF MISSISSIPPI
C. John Arnold
80 Mason St.
Greenwich, CT 06830
(203) 869-5343

Advertising space for the May/June, 1983, issue closes on March 11; so let's hear from you soon.

ENJOY AMERICAN WEST.



WYOMING . . .
the State of the Art in outdoor enjoyment.
Splash your vacation canvas with the golden tones of Yellowstone or the local color of a cowboy-classic rodeo. Contrast the pastel shades of the high deserts and grasslands with the skyline etching of Grand Teton National Park. Finish your vacation portrait with the pleasant brush strokes of a float trip on a winding river . . . a horseback ride through an alpine meadow. . .or a watercolor stroll beside a crystal lake. The state of the vacation art . . .

BIG WYOMING

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZIP

Paint me into WYOMING'S vacation picture during the 100th anniversary of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Send paletteable details to:

Mail to: Wyoming Travel Commission, Dept. 83-7, Cheyenne, WY 82002

Golden Trail, 30" x 40" original oil by Eva Makk

EVA MAKK, winner, Gold Meda! First Prize for Painting, Italian Academy of Arts, 1979; winner, Gold Medal First Prize for Painting, Arpad Academy International Exhibition. Professor of Fine Arts, Sao Paulo; with her husband, Americo, creator of the world's largest cathedral ceiling and Official Historical Artist, Brazilian Government; portrayer of Bishops, Ambassadors, Presidents; recently commissioned to paint First Lady Nancy Reagan.

EVA and AMERICO MAKK are the only prominent international artists portraying the American West. Eva's work, modern impressionism in the *plein-air* manner of Monet, Degas, Renoir, recreates the lives and emotions of people around the world. Her paintings of children, family groups, still-lifes, cities and flowers evoke the sophistication and elegance of four continents and fill our lives with a cosmopolitian sense of adventure and joy at the beauty of the world and its people.

AMERICO MAKK, EVA MAKK, and son A.B. MAKK, an award-winning landscape artist, re-create the scenes and people, the flowers and cities and children of Europe and America with a unique luminosity and vibrancy. Share the MAKK experience and enjoy ninety full-color plates of their work in their recent book, available now for $29 ($35 signed/numbered) including shipping and insurance. Send checks or inquiries to MAKK, 1515 Laukahi Street, Honolulu, Hawaii 96821, (808) 373-1996.

Write today for details and a free brochure about the three Makks!

ENJOY MAKK ORIGINALS AT

NELSON ROCKEFELLER COLLECTION
707 E. Tahquitz-McCallum Way
Palm Springs, California 92262
Grand Opening March 4-April 30

RIO FEST ART CELEBRATION
Casa de Amistad, Fair Park
Harlingen, Texas
March 11-13, 1983

March/April 1983 Vol. XX, No. 2

American West

MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE

SOUTHWEST ART, OIL BY JOHN SLOAN. COURTESY ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

COURTESY RANCHING HERITAGE CENTER, MUSEUM OF TEXAS TECH UNIV.

Haystack Butte Surrenders Terrible Lizard
by Pamela Smith Hill
South Dakota ranchers dig dinosaurs **22**

Port Gamble
by Roger Rapoport
The company town that's still working **30**

John Sloan Paints the West
by George Schriever
Art, antics, and adventure in Santa Fe **38**

Catching the Western Winds
by Volta Torrey
Windmills through the years **45**

New Trail in the Old West
by L. Richard Kitchen
Winter cattle drive tests man and beast **52**

View from the West **8**

Letters to the Editor **10**

Western Lookout **14**

Gourmet & Grub **20**

American West Review **61**

Western Snapshots **64**

Cover

Tyrannosaurus rex

With colossal size and menacing teeth, this Terrible Lizard stalked his prey across our West sixty-five million years ago. Today, his bones confront us in a museum in Rapid City, South Dakota. The release of this *Tyrannosaurus rex* from his subterranean resting place was accomplished by South Dakota ranchers, who started their haying and animal tending at three o'clock of a morning in order to spend their days as amateur archeologists under the direction of paleontologist Philip Bjork. Read our story of their uncommon adventure that unearthed the "find of a lifetime."

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY ELIZABETH WOLF

American West

Editor/Publisher: Thomas W. Pew, Jr.
Managing Editor: Mae Reid-Bills
Assistant Editor: Nancy Bell Rollings
Editorial Assistant: Linda M. Brewer

Art Director/Production Manager: Debra K. Niwa
Art Assistant: Edi Gougherty

General Manager: Douglas P. Newton
Business Manager: Jana Quinn
Circulation Manager: S. Thomas Low, Jr.
Promotion Manager: L. Lisa Poglianich
Staff Assistant: Carol D. Johnson

Advertising Director: Sands Spencer
Sales representatives and branch offices:
East: Catalyst Communications, Inc. Arnie Green, 244 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016. (212) 557-7510
West: The Pattis Group, Hutch Looney, 1800 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood, Calif. 90028. (213) 462-2700
Midwest: The Pattis Group, Annabelle Jacobson, 4761 Touhy Ave., Lincolnwood, Ill. 60646. (312) 679-1100
South: Fred Abrams, 1916 Norfolk, Houston, Tex. 77098. (713) 522-6662
Eastern Travel Advertising Manager: C. John Arnold, 80 Mason St., Greenwich, Conn. 06830. (203) 869-5343; (212) 662-2033; (312) 648-9797

Consultants:
Archibald M. Brown, Jr., John D. Klingel, Michael E. Gumbinger

Buffalo Bill Historical Center Director: Peter H. Hassrick

Editorial Board:
Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., Peter E. Palmquist, Stan Steiner, George Schriever, Bernard L. Fontana.
Appointed by Western History Association: Harwood P. Hinton (liaison), Maxine Benson, C. L. Sonnichsen, Duane Smith, Frederick C. Luebke, Lloyd G. Lyman, Elliott West.

AMERICAN WEST is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

AMERICAN WEST (ISSN 0003-1534) is published in January, March, May, July, September, and November by American West Publishing Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Buffalo Bill Memorial Association, a nonprofit educational organization, Mrs. Henry H. R. Coe, chairman. Editorial, circulation, and advertising offices are reached at 3033 N. Campbell Ave., Tucson, Arizona 85719, tel. (602) 881-5850. Newsstand price: $3. Back issues: $5 (includes shipping). Subscriptions: one year $15; two years $25; three years $35 (outside the U.S. $4 per year extra). Subscription correspondence and orders should be sent to Box 1960, Marion, Ohio 43305. However, members of the Western History Association should address communications regarding subscriptions to William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89557. AMERICAN WEST will consider, but assumes no responsibility for, unsolicited material.

Copyright © 1983 by American West Publishing Company.

Second-class postage paid at Tucson, Arizona, and additional post offices. **Postmaster: Please send form 3579 to AMERICAN WEST, Box 1960, Marion, Ohio 43305.**

"Get a taste of the real west in magnificent Montana."

From Glacier National Park to Yellowstone, from blue-ribbon fishing to history by the mile ... there's something here for the whole family to enjoy and at prices a lot lower than you'd expect. Send for our FREE vacation packet today for a taste of the real Montana. Or call us toll-free at 1-800-548-3390

MONTANA
Naturally inviting!

Travel Promotion Bureau, Room 305
Montana Dept. of Commerce
Helena, MT 59620

Please send my FREE Montana Vacation Packet including a 32-page full color brochure, accommodations/camping guide, highway and recreation maps.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please allow 3-4 weeks for delivery

PUMA

Unchallenged Lord of the American Wilderness

The Puma roams the far reaches of mountain, forest and desert in an unrelenting quest for survival. With strength and determination, this great cat of the Americas has largely escaped the most intense efforts of man to destroy the species. The Puma abounds in Western America and is even now reclaiming part of his kingdom in remote forests of Pennsylvania, New York and New England.

Buckle shown actual size

COMMEMORATIVE BUCKLE

minted in solid sterling silver with 24kt. gold electroplate

As a tribute to the courage, determination and survival of this magnificent American animal, we have commissioned our engravers and minters to create a distinctly beautiful and ruggedly masculine Collectors Buckle and strike it in solid sterling silver with 24kt. gold electroplate.

Each buckle will be struck to order on the same minting presses used to strike our finest proof-quality collector medallions. Each will be hand-polished and finished by experienced craftsmen before being backstamped with the federally-registered hallmark of The Historic Providence Mint. The backstamp will also bear the sterling silver quality mark, title and year of issue.

It's a buckle you'll proudly wear, and pass along to sons and grandsons generation after generation as an enduring symbol of the strength and courage of the American spirit.

LIMITED EDITION

In the tradition of fine metal sculpture, the Puma Commemorative Buckle will be available ONLY in 1983.

IMPORTANT NOTE ABOUT SILVER

The price shown is guaranteed for the next 30 days only. Should the world cost of silver increase sharply after that, the price of the Puma Buckle will necessarily increase.

LIMITED EDITION ORDER FORM (726)

The Historic Providence Mint
Dept. M AMW-8, 222 Harrison Street
Providence, Rhode Island 02901

Please send the Puma Commemorative Buckle in solid sterling silver with 24kt. gold electroplate. I understand that if I am not totally satisfied, I may return the buckle within 30 days for a full refund.

I prefer to pay as follows:

☐DIRECT: I have enclosed a check or money order for the full price of $180.00

☐CHARGE CARD: Please charge the full amount to my credit card as shown below:

☐Diner's Club ☐Visa ☐Amer. Express ☐Mastercard

Account No. ..... Exp. Date .....

Signature .....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

CREDIT CARD CUSTOMERS
CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-543-3000
(Operator 238) 24 hours a day; every day

©1983 THPM

Artist of the Year Series

R. Brownell McGrew
1983 Artist of the Year
"Charlie Salt, Mounted"
20x25

A Brownell McGrew reproduction is an important event. This much-honored artist has permitted only one other print in over 20 years.

"More Than Beauty"
Bettina Steinke
23x17

Other honored artists in the series

Joe Beeler
Paul Dyck
Fred Kabotie
James Reynolds
Ross Stefan
Ray Swanson
Olaf Wieghorst

"New Mexico in Late Summer"
Wilson Hurley
20x24

Each spring, the Tucson Festival celebrates the cultural heritage of Southern Arizona: Indian, Spanish, Mexican, and Pioneer American traditions plus the present-day interamerican cultural life of our region. Each year an outstanding artist is honored and a selected work is reproduced in a limited edition of 500 hand-signed and numbered prints. Contribute $100 or more, now (tax deductible) and receive a fine print from this series.

For a complete brochure, write of phone:

Tucson Festival Society

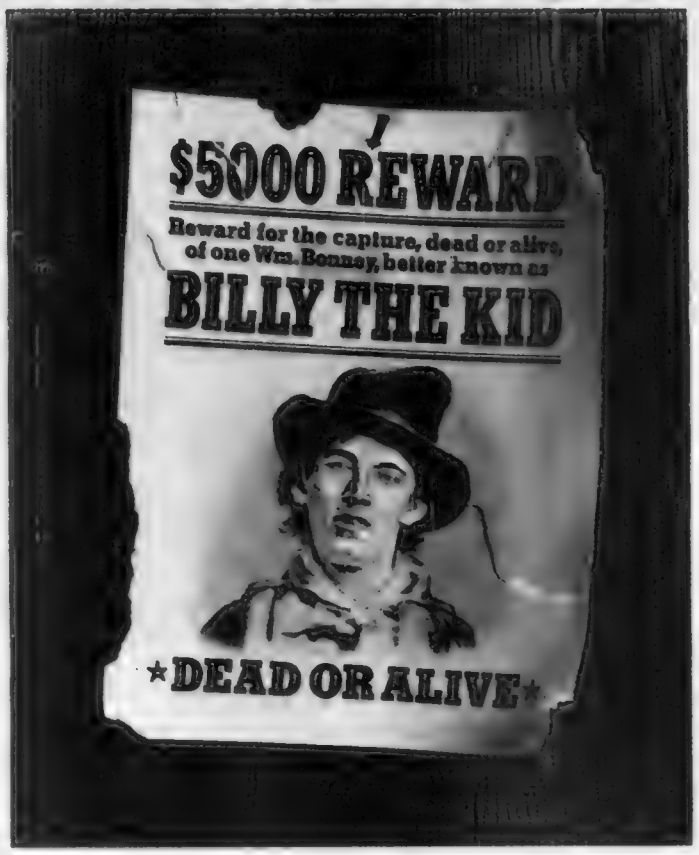
8 West Paseo Redondo, Suite B/Tucson, AZ 85705/(602) 622-6911

Remember when it was "Kill or be killed"? Let Zane Grey take you back.

They lived (and died) out on the Western frontier, where the only law was kill or be killed.

Billy the Kid gunned down his first man at 16, and didn't stop killing and running 'til he was shot to death by a New Mexico sheriff at the age of 22 Boone Helm, deadliest of Quantrill's Raiders, boasted of twice turning cannibal. John Wesley Hardin, greatest gunman of them all, invented the shoulder holster, the border shift, and the road agent's spin. He killed more than 20 armed men before he got his in the back at the Acme bar.

If you like reading about desperadoes like these, let us introduce you to the Zane Grey Library.



Zane Grey not only wrote about the lawless frontier, he actually stood face to face with gunslingers, gamblers and Texas Rangers. He talked with men who had known Wyatt Earp, Jesse James and Billy the Kid. He got the facts and turned them into fiction you won't soon forget.

Want a sample? For $1, we'll send you four of Zane Grey's most famous novels.

The Man of the Forest. Draws from tragic accounts of how defenseless Arizona farmers and ranchers, were ravaged by thieving, murderous outlaws. When the brave Raynor sisters decide to fight back, aided by a mysterious benefactor from the mountains, a bloody range war ensues.

The Light of Western Stars. Gene Stewart, framed for the murder of a total stranger, must rely on the testimony of a beautiful, frightened eyewitness, to bring the real killers to justice. Zane Grey portrays the cowboy life of riding, roping, branding, shooting. All with a richness of detail that could only come with firsthand experience.

The Thundering Herd. Riding to the rescue of a kidnapped girl, hide-hunter Tom Doan is trapped between rampaging Comanches and miles of stampeding buffalo. Zane Grey describes in vivid detail the methods used by hide-hunters as well as virtually every aspect of their lives: his realistic accounts of the killing and skinning of the buffalo have never been surpassed.

Wild Horse Mesa. Chane, one of a forgotten breed of wild horse wranglers, battles a merciless killer in his desperate search for the King of the Horses. Here, in all its grandeur, is the lost art of riding down, roping and taming the noble wild mustang of the Old West.

These are handsome, hard-cover books, smartly bound in sunset red, desert tan and cavalry blue, with tinted page tops and golden stamping. And we'll send you all four books (regularly $33.80) for only $1, as our way of introducing you to a library of Zane Grey Western classics we think you'll be proud to own.

They'll include his: *Wildfire, Arizona Ames, Maverick Queen, The Vanishing American, Thunder Mountain, Fighting Caravans, The Border Legion* and more. Each written with the hell-for-leather realism that makes Zane Grey the best-selling and most popular of all Western authors.

Accepting our first four books puts you under no further obligation. As a subscriber you get advance descriptions of future volumes and may take only the books you really want to own. You may reject any volume before, or within 21 days after, you receive it. And you may cancel your subscription at any time.

Because we print in large quantities and sell directly to the public, we can offer our subscribers these beautiful, matching volumes for only $8.45 each—at a time when almost any other hardcover book costs about $10 and many are $12 to $15 or even more.

We think that when you receive your first four books you'll be so impressed that you'll look forward to receiving future volumes. But no matter what you decide, these four Western classics are yours to keep for only $1.

Send no money; mail the coupon to get your special introductory offer.
The Zane Grey Library, Roslyn, NY 11576.

The Zane Grey Library
WALTER J. BLACK, INC.
ESTABLISHED 1923

The Zane Grey Library
Roslyn, New York 11576

Yes, enroll me as a subscriber and send at once the special introductory offer below:

☐ Four deluxe Zane Grey classics for $1 plus shipping. I will enclose no money now. After a week's examination, I will either keep my books and pay the charge noted above, plus shipping, or return them. Also reserve additional volumes for me in the Zane Grey Library series, similar to my introductory offer. As a subscriber, I will get advance descriptions of future volumes. For each volume I choose, I will pay $8.45 for the deluxe edition, plus shipping. I may return any book for full credit within 21 days and may cancel at any time.

Mr./Mrs./Ms._____
(Please Print Clearly)
Street_____
3-BG
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
Z06E9R

Note: Subscribers accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only; prices slightly different in Canada.

Good guys. Bad guys.
Zane Grey knew both kinds and lived to tell about it.

View from the West

A society of sheep must in time beget a government of wolves.—Bertrand de Jouvenel

In an automobile-age variation on the laconic Western way of using a few pungent words to express disgust with bad weather, poisoned water, hard soil, renegade horses, recalcitrant cows, broken fences, drunk hired hands, and manure on the kitchen floor, Interior Secretary James G. Watt's name is riding around the West these days on a variety of bumper stickers expressing Westerners' supreme dissatisfaction with his public lands policies.

Some of the bumper stickers we've noticed, if bumper stickers can be taken as a small measure of their owners' ire, rank Watt right up there, in the genre of Western scourges, with poisoned water and broken fences (in the winter)—even approaching the unwelcome stockyard contribution tracked into a warm kitchen by some thoughtless ranchhand.

For his part, according to regular pronouncements by the Secretary, all of those who differ with him and his actions are, in some Mephistophelian fashion, counted among "the forces of the left" (the Secretary's exact words as quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* the day after Christmas).

Again, judging from the vehicles we've seen sporting blatant disagreement with the Secretary (not to mention a whisper campaign overheard in our Western travels), there must be a serious Communist movement afoot in the West today among subversive cowboys, fishermen, hunters, hikers, and the horseback-riding proletariat. Any day now we anticipate a headline proclaiming: "Reds color big sky country: threaten to take over national forests, parks, and wilderness . . . Secretary Watt urges President Reagan to root out forces of the left in their wilderness encampments."

Now we're not particularly involved in Western politics or movements of any kind. We don't have any Watt sticker on our own bumper, and we've intended to devote these views from the West to subjects a good distance from the political

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Secretary Watt wore a squaw's scarf at the One-Shot Antelope Hunt in Lander, Wyoming, September 1982, the penalty for missing his animal.

arena in Washington, D.C. But every time we sat down to write this particular view, we found it increasingly obscured by the Secretary: his rhetoric, as well as his specific actions. Take one of the latest, for example. During the Christmas to New Year's holiday, while most of the Western subversives (those with the provocative bumper-stickers as well as those who just talk quietly behind the Secretary's back) were home celebrating the holidays, Watt moved to cut potentially millions of acres of wilderness from government holdings.

Unless Congress (and the Congressmen were also home celebrating the holidays when Mr. Watt made his move) or the courts intervene, the Interior Department's ruling will amputate more than 805,000 acres from wilderness consideration, and possibly up to 5.1 million acres after a new inventory is completed.

Like most of Watt's patriotic raids on public lands, these areas are primarily in the West and the Southwest and include such sinkholes of Communist corruption as Colorado's pristine, alpine area American Flats; the El Malpais ice caves in New Mexico; Wyoming's Encampment River Canyon; and the Bisti Badlands, a Hobbit-like landscape of toadstool-shaped rocks, also in New Mexico.

The "forces of the left" in New Mexico have already been able to get the unique Bisti area reinstated to the list being considered for wilderness designation, but this area was so extraordinary it leaves one wondering if the Secretary didn't include a few such areas on his hit list so he could toss the red-dog outdoorsmen, cowboys, and conservationists a few plums, and thus silence the masses.

By getting these "fellow travelers" to breathe a sigh of relief over some small parcel of wilderness here and there, the Secretary no doubt reasons that his hands will be free to carve up and distribute the rest as he sees fit. With that done, Watt also announced that Kuwait has just joined the Secretary's list of eligible suitors for American public lands.

Now every well-informed American knows what friends of this country Kuwait and its companions in OPEC have been, and any logical, free-thinking individual can immediately see the reasoning emerging behind the Secretary's plan: get the western "forces of the left" out of the wilderness and then turn it over to our friends in the Middle East so they can develop the resources and sell them to us at fixed prices. Has anyone ever considered that this clear-thinking patriot is being held back by his position in the Interior Department?

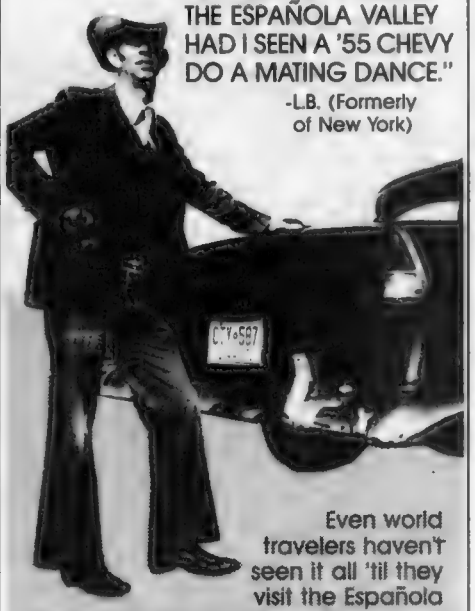
Any Westerner (or any other American for that matter) who can't follow the logic of this doesn't deserve any wilderness. We believe every good citizen should sit down and write the Secretary a letter thanking him for protecting our wilderness areas in the West from subversive, left-leaning cowboys, campers, and other commie scum, and for his plan to let the good people of the Middle East liberate our wilderness resources for us.

His address, if you feel the way I do about this, is: Secretary James G. Watt, Department of the Interior, Room 6151, 18th & C. Sts., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20240. His boss can be reached at The White House.

Tom Pace

"I'VE SEEN THE TAJ MAHAL, A PACIFIC SUNSET, AND THE NORTHERN LIGHTS, BUT NOT 'TIL I VISITED THE ESPAÑOLA VALLEY HAD I SEEN A '55 CHEVY DO A MATING DANCE."

-L.B. (Formerly of New York)



Even world travelers haven't seen it all 'til they visit the Española Valley. How about your next vacation? It might open up a whole new world. Write for an information packet.

ESPAÑOLA
VALLEY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Dept. A, 417 Big Rock Center,
Espanola, New Mexico 87532 505/753-2831

MOTION MUG™

for people on the move!

How many times has your coffee, tea or cold beverage spilled because you were in motion? The MOTION MUG™ is the solution! The perfect anti-spill mug for use in cars, RVs, planes, your home or office, the MOTION MUG™ keeps liquids stable under the most adverse conditions.

- low center of gravity
- no-slip Ever'grip™ bottom
- won't tip up to 60°
- won't slide up to 40°
- inner ridge minimizes splashing
- large 16 oz. capacity
- dishwasher safe, microwave proof
- functional, attractive, American-made
- available in blue, green, sand or brown

$7.95 plus $2.00 postage and handling
Arizona residents add 6% sales tax

AMERICAN WEST TRADER
P.O. BOX 31325 TUCSON, AZ 85751

FREE SEARCH SERVICE FOR OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

You name it we find it!

International Bookfinders, Inc.
P.O. Box 1-AW
Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PAINTINGS

Thomas Moran, "Bison Watering by the Lake's Edge", signed and dated 1882, watercolor, 17"x 30".

AUCTION: Thursday, March 24, 1983 at 1:00 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Avery, Bellows, Bierstadt, Bravo, Bricher, Carlsen, Davies, De Chirico, Diaz, Du Bois, Enneking, Fery, Gaspard, Gauguin, Glackens, Gropper, Guillaumin, La Farge, Miller, Moran, Morse, Moses, Parker, Parrish, Payne, Pushman, Rockwell, Shinn, Toudouz, Twachtman, Ver Boeckhoven, Weir, Ziegler.

EXHIBITION: Saturday, Sunday and Monday prior to sale.

Illustrated catalogue available.

Butterfield's

Auctioneers and Appraisers Since 1865

1244 Sutter Street • San Francisco, California 94109 • (415) 673-1362
808 N. La Cienega Blvd. • Los Angeles, California 90069 • (213) 657-5172

Letters

Bull Mountains

My magazine [January/February] came today, and since I always pounce on anything about Montana, I read your "Bull Mountain Journal" first off. I thoroughly enjoyed it because it rang a lot of bells for me. From '28 to '34, I worked for the Roberts Loan & Cattle Co. They ran polled Herefords on Goulding Creek about a dozen or so miles west from the Fisco place. Before Bill Spidel sold out his purebreds in 1963 his spread was the largest in the U.S. Your picture of the old Fisco place is so typical of the Bull Mountains, I could see lots of old places in the same setting, including many on the Spidel Ranch.

Mrs. Spidel and several other old-timers put together a history book called *Horizons O' er the Musselshell*. I'm sure you would find it of interest. It has a writeup on Lou Fisco and many other old-timers in the area. I think Mrs. Spidel in Roundup still has them available.

I know about the chore of pulling calves in the snow and mud. When I worked there we didn't breed 'em so young, so didn't have that much of the pulling to do. Bill believed in letting them grow up a little first. Seems to me like they lose as much as they gain by trying to get calves from the two-year-olds.

I was up there for a visit this summer and had fun except that it rained or snowed a lot. I helped with the branding just like I used to do over fifty years ago. Well almost like, I did the vaccinating, that's the old-man job. Two of the haystacks we put up in '32 stood in the weather till the winter of 1978–'79. Then they had a big snow like we used to have. When they got into those stacks the hay was as good as when we stacked it. That might be some sort of a record for keeping hay in the open. From an old ex-Montana cowboy.

Chet Doyle
Torrance, California

COURTESY NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY

Cantankerous burros

I happened to be perusing through your November/December, 1982, issue and noticed a severe captional error for the picture on page 65. Having lived and worked with mules most of my forty-nine years, I immediately recognized a three *burro*, not mule, hitch on a Mexican *carta*.

The oriental eye is classic of burros,

Wilson Hurley
Featured in
Gilcrease Museum Exhibition/Sale

The American painter Wilson Hurley will be the featured artist at the Fifth Annual Rendezvous at Gilcrease Museum, Tulsa, Oklahoma, April 29-May 1.

Rendezvous weekend festivities include: April 29 — Reception and preview of the exhibition. Sale of Hurley paintings. Dinner in the museum featuring flamenco guitarist Ronald Radford.

April 30-May 1 The exhibition continues. Other activities include Indian dancers, muzzle loading rifle matches, music, crafts . . . plus a barbecue on the museum grounds Saturday night.

YES! I want to attend the Wilson Hurley Exhibition and Art Sale at Gilcrease Museum's Fifth Annual Rendezvous, April 29-May 1. Please send me _____ tickets at $100 each per person . . . for the reception, dinner, preview, catalog, and art sale. My check for $_____ is enclosed. Send tickets to:

NAME _____ TELEPHONE _____

STREET _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Return to: Thomas Gilcrease Museum Association, 1400 North 25th West Avenue, Tulsa, OK 74127

W

i.e., donkeys, jacks, you name them; the extensive length of ear can only belong to a burro or a jack rabbit, and I would recommend that you refer to the long leather straps reaching from the bit back to the teamster as *lines,* not reins.

Sorry for editing your magazine, but the errors were just too glaring.

Dan Farris
Mammoth Lakes, California

John Stetson

I read with great interest John O'Rourke's fine article on John Batterson Stetson. However, it was much too short in content and would have been more interesting had the author mentioned the fact that John Stetson's son, G. Henry Stetson, is alive at ninety-five years and living in the San Fernando Valley in California.

I have known Henry Stetson for nearly twenty-five years and until recent years when he was "out and around," I took great delight in mentioning to my friends that there goes the son of John Stetson, a participant in Colorado's Gold Rush. After a moment of quick calculation, I received an incredulous stare followed by the question, "How could that be?"

It was easy to explain to them that John Stetson married again late in life and sired Henry in 1887—an amazing bridge of 153 years covering John's birth in 1830 to 1983!

The article also mentioned the Boss of the Plains hat. This original design was resurrected over twenty years ago by Henry Stetson and has been manufactured exclusively for the Directors and Advisors of the Death Valley 49ers, Inc., an organization Mr. Stetson has long been associated with.

Hugh C. Tolford
Van Nuys, California

Avalanche

We have enjoyed this magazine. Also Oliver Chapple's story on the "Avalanche in the Cascades." My husband's Uncle and Aunt were in that slide. His Uncle and two cousins were killed in it. There is one cousin living that was in that avalanche. He lives in Wenatchee, Elmer Battermann. His Mother that survived it, too, just died December 10, 1982. She was ninety-eight when she died.

This story meant much to us as we had loved ones that lost their lives in it.

The pictures are very nice that you have in the book, of all the disaster.

Mrs. Edward G. Battermann
Wilson Creek, Washington

Will James

The January/February issue of AMERICAN WEST, containing my article on Will James, had gone to press when I received word that Auguste Dufault, Will's brother and heir, had died at Ottawa, Canada. He was unfailingly helpful in every way, and despite our brief and distant association, I am saddened by his loss and regret that he was not able to see the finished article.

William Gardner Bell
Arlington, Virginia

"THE SIGNAL" by Charles M. Russell

"The Signal" has never been exhibited publicly, nor has it been reproduced in any form. The full sized edition was limited to 1000 lithographic prints. A Certificate of Authenticity will be provided. Due to the previous response for this beautiful 19" x 25" print, there is a limited number available at $150.00. Price includes print, brass name plate, tax and shipping charge. Phone accepted MasterCharge or VISA.

PARKCREST GALLERY

5518 PARKCREST DRIVE
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78731 / (512) 454-7724

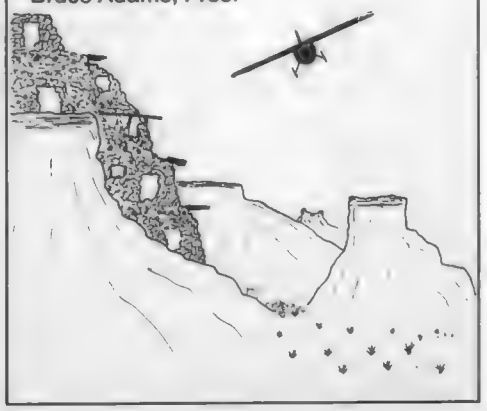
Southwest Safaris

- NATURAL HISTORY EXPEDITIONS
- EXPLORE N. MEX., COLO., UTAH, ARIZ.
- BUSH FLYING, JEEPING, RAFTING
- GEOLOGY, ARCHAEOLOGY, HISTORY
- CAMPING OR LODGING

1–5 Day Adventures
The Ultimate in Creative Travel
FAA Approved

- **FREE BROCHURE**

P.O. Box 945, Dept. AW, Santa Fe, NM 87501
Bruce Adams, Pres.



Congratulations to AMERICAN WEST, its editors, staff, and author William Gardner Bell for the powerful presentation of "Will James." You have done the most balanced, accurate, and forceful article on James that I have seen (and I believe we have copies of all other items). James has generally been misunderstood, inaccurately described, and often vastly underrated ever since his death forty years ago, with the lone exception of Ed Ainsworth's chapter on James in the book, *The Cowboy in Art*. Your factual efforts, therefore, and those of Mr. Bell have been much needed, particularly in the national media.

For those of us who have paid continuing attention to James's work, his impact on readers in this country and more than a dozen other nations was unbelievably strong. The size of this readership and the depth of their loyalty was greater than for any other Western author. To their credit and to his, was a devotion to the reality, and not the romance, of the "cow country."

A. P. Hays
Scottsdale, Arizona

We admit to being considerably entertained and enthusiastic about the January/February issue of your magazine. If this quality of content can be maintained, our enthusiasm will be.

We may comment that, to anyone who has familiarity with the condition depicted by your cover picture, it is terrifying, as a rider can stand, and survive, most falls better than a roll-over. One of my father's riders had a beautiful thoroughbred mare break her neck in a fall very much like the picture.

Earl E. Cress
Westcliffe, Colorado

Our West endangered

This awesome space ends at the steel, power-line towers, at the strip-mine scars, at the edges of those gross, tax-dodge sprinkler circles, at the drowned canyon rims.

The "quantum leap" really happening in the West is the present full-scale rape of its resources—qualitatively unlike anything in the past. Perhaps only in the two decades following the Civil War, when the Native American cultures and the bison were exterminated, was so much lost so quickly.

This real quantum leap (not the romanticized fantasy) is the explosion in the numbers of dams and powerplants; the exponential growth in the miles of fences and improved roads; the geometric increase in acres of strip mines, acres of timber clear-cuts, and millions of acres of spraying and burning of rangelands that is changing the face of the West forever.

In Idaho, less than one-half of one percent of the High Desert has been recommended for Wilderness protection. Potentially, all the desert and canyonlands will remain open for absentee development.

The "geography of hope" is criss-crossed with truck tires, and beer cans, and the greedy drool of developers, most of whom are about as sensitive as Colonel Custer.

Our government, by the way, continues to pump radioactive wastes into the Snake River aquafer. The West still blows and glows with the dust of

11th Annual National Western Art Show & Auction

May 20, 21, 22, 1983

Ellensburg, Washington • Holiday Inn

For more information contact:
Western Art Association
Dept. AW-3, Box 993
Ellensburg, WA. 98926 (509) 962-2934
Posters Available $10.00 ppd
Memberships Available
Sponsored by: Western Art Association

Plains Indian Art & Artifacts.

Free Catalog shows painted shields, mounted trophy buffalo skulls, war arrows, peace pipes, chokers, breast plates, war clubs, tomahawks, lances, horse dance sticks, star quilts and more. Exclusive source. Handmade with traditional tools and authentic materials. Many have interesting stories to tell from Cheyenne, Sioux and Blackfoot heritage. Collector's items, unique gifts and stunning decorations.

Write or call:

PRAIRIE EDGE P.O. Box 8303 Department M
Rapid City, South Dakota 57701 Area Code (605) 341-3620

7D

7D Guest Ranch

Family Vacation on a Wyoming Ranch

Located in the magnificent Sunlight Basin near Yellowstone Park

Horseback riding, fishing, hiking, relaxing

Attn: Amateur Artists, Landscape art workshop with Bob Seabeck Aug. 31–Sept. 5, 1983

For further information contact:
Marshall or Jane Dominick
P.O. Box 100
Cody, Wy. 82414
(307) 587-9885

countless radioactive mine-tailing sites. Isotopes still tick away in the thyroids, lymphatics, and bones of those of us irradiated by the Nevada nuclear bomb tests. Say what? Kyshtym?

The West is still wild, rugged, and dangerous for anyone with sand enough in their craw to face a hostile public-land hearing or a bar full of dense, Watt-doll partyliners.

Randall E. Morris
Mountain Home, Idaho

Naco memories

COURTESY BISBEE MINING AND HISTORICAL MUSEUM

Just to set the record straight, let me say that the bombed-out auto on page 47 of the January/February issue looks to me like a four-cylinder Dodge of that day. There never was a Baby Grand Chevrolet, but there was a four-cylinder Baby Grand Overland. My father bought one in 1916, a five-passenger touring car that was our pride and joy. He traded in some horses and a cow or two with about $300 cash. We drove it only on Sundays and in pretty weather. In the Fall the battery went into the cellar until Spring. It was my boyhood job to put a pedestal under each wheel axle to take the weight off the tires after every run for the eight years we had it on the Kansas prairie.

Walter R. Wullschleger
Jackson, Kentucky

I seldom write to the magazines unless I feel I have a contribution to make based on my own personal experience. I am seventy-three years old and lived in the old Western mining camps in several areas from 1915 to 1928.

The very fine story, "Naco, Arizona's accidental place in history," by C. O. Peterson interested me very much, as I lived in Bisbee during the Mexican revolution he mentions. My residence there was from about 1924 to 1926. My father was the minister of the First Methodist Church in Bisbee, and he loved excitement. He drove us down to Naco whenever there was something to see, and I particularly remember the trains of flat cars covered with the ragged and dirty soldiers.

The autos in the photographs by Mr. Peterson, date the picture on page 44–45 in the early 1920s. The Model "T" in the center is a 1917 year, exactly like the car we owned, but I know it was not ours as kids would have been hanging out of it.

Mr. Peterson's story is the only time I have seen the town of Naco mentioned except in the opening chapter of the book, "The West Is Still Wild," by Harry Carr, and published in 1932. Harry was a popular L.A. *Times* columnist, who had covered the revolution for his paper, and was alleged to have been in a siege in a Naco saloon/hotel. He said the bombing took place every day, which I imagine was exaggerated somewhat. He does not mention dates, but said the events were in the prohibition era.

Thanks for providing the colorful account go to Mr. Peterson and to the AMERICAN WEST for publishing it.

Eugene O. Clay
Yucca Valley, California

Peter Iredale

Your article on the *Peter Iredale* [September/October 1982] and the one on the Columbia brought some early memories. I was at the site of the shipwreck in 1920 or '21 and lived on the Columbia River and near it for ten years. So to me they were close to home.

A. J. McWilliams
Yuma, Arizona

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Some editing of letters may be necessary in order to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, 3033 N. Campbell Ave., Tucson, Ariz. 85719.

WILL JAMES

Right off the Wall!

Will James, the legendary cowboy artist and writer, experienced the American West!

James painted *T'Hell With The Reins* on a clubroom wall in 1934. It suggests his love for drink and constant bout with alcoholism.

You saw it in the January/February issue, now picture it in your home!

This quality reproduction of that mural can be yours for only $25.00.

To order by phone call:
(602) 455-5548
Have MasterCard or Visa ready.

EquesArt
Grass Ridge Road
P.O. Box 411
Sonoita, AZ 85637

Make checks payable to EquesArt.
Please Print:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *St.* _____

Zip _____ *Phone* _____

☐ *I would like to see more of the EquesArt collection. Please add my name to your mailing list and send me a full color brochure.*

Any item purchased from the EquesArt collection that should prove unsatisfactory may be exchanged or returned for a full refund within 15 days.

Photo by Bill Deane, ©1982 National Geographic Society

Charles H. Faulkner by cave drawings. Photo by Bill Deane, ©1982 National Geographic Society

Cave discovery: Mysteries in mud

Damp mud on the walls of a limestone cave in east Tennessee holds secrets over seven hundred years old, reports a University of Tennessee anthropologist who explored the cave last year. By squeezing through two small openings and crawling down a narrow passageway, Dr. Charles H. Faulkner led a research team to a mud wall etched with human faces, birds, and other animals. "The first time I saw the drawings, I knew they were prehistoric," claims Faulkner, whose study of the cave is supported by a grant from the National Geographic Society. The remarkable mud images appear as fresh as they did in the twelfth or thirteenth century A.D. when the Indian artist(s) marked the wet surface of the wall with fingers and sharp sticks. According to Faulkner, the cave gallery was created by members of the Dallas culture, possible ancestors of the Creeks or Cherokees.

Scientists have carefully guarded information about the location of the cave in order to protect the site. Preserved for centuries by constant humidity, these moist records of an ancient people could be defaced "with one swipe of the hand," Faulkner explains. "Nowhere else in North America have we found mud drawings as elaborate as these," he says of the cave's imagery, first discovered by forest ranger Walter Merrell in 1979. In coming months Faulkner will study detailed photographs of each drawing in the cave looking for clues to meaning. Some of the mud etchings appear superimposed on earlier images, which suggests that drawing in the cave may have been a ritual act. Faulkner will return to the site only when absolutely necessary, because, he says, "We don't want to disturb this fragile environment."

Challenge to Columbus. American archeologist and antiquity-hunter Robert F. Marx believes that Brazil's Guanabara Bay may yield proof that Roman sailors in the second century B.C. beat Christopher Columbus to the New World. Exploring the polluted waters of this bay near Rio de Janeiro, Marx has already recovered fragments of Roman ceramic jugs known as amphoras buried beneath layers of mud and coral. Now, with permission from the Brazilian government expected, he is planning a more thorough search of the underwater site, which he describes as "larger than three tennis courts." Using sonar equipment, vacuum machines, and metal detectors, the archeologist hopes to find wreckage of a Roman sailing ship that he believes sank, with its cargo stored in amphoras, sometime in the second century B.C. Remains of a Roman ship would verify scholars' speculations that voyagers reached the western hemisphere long before 1492.

More on Tipis. An exhibit showing through May 31 at the Heard Museum in Phoenix focuses on the tipi—that ancient shelter, light enough for migrating Indians to transport from place to place, yet sturdy enough to withstand the terrific winds and driving rains of the plains. Tipis specially made for the exhibit and tipi furnishings are on display as well as historic photographs that reveal the tipi's importance as both architecture and art. Part of the exhibit explores the significance of clan symbols, sacred medicine designs, and other emblems occasionally used to decorate tipis. Demonstrations in making and erecting these unusual shelters are being given at the museum by Raymond Nakai, a Navajo-Ute. (See also, "The Timeless Tipi," AMERICAN WEST, March/April 1981.)

Carleton E. Watkins. More than one hundred vintage photographs by the great, nineteenth-century, American photographer Carleton E. Watkins (1829–1916) will go on

display April 1 at the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth as part of the first retrospective exhibit of his work ever held. Known for powerful images of Yosemite that helped persuade Congress to protect that area, Watkins also captured many other Western landscapes as well as architectural sites and mining and railroad scenes. Assembled from public and private collections across the country, "Carleton E. Watkins: Photographer of the American West" covers the artist's entire career and includes many photos that have never been shown before. Images range from small stereo views to a multi-part panorama nearly ten feet long. The exhibit, organized in cooperation with the Saint Louis Art Museum, will go on tour after leaving the Amon Carter on May 22.

Back to the Fair. A major exhibit at the University of California's Lowie Museum of Anthropology presents anew the wonders of the 1915 San Francisco World's Fair, known as the Panama-Pacific Exposition. On view through December, the exhibit is one of the largest in the museum's history, encompassing many features of the 1915 extravaganza that drew eighteen million people to the Bay City. Re-created displays highlight cultural achievements around the world and include America's exhibit of black-and-white photographs in homage to the American Indian. According to Burton Benedict, curator of the Berkeley show, "The 1915 fair celebrated the rebuilding of San Francisco after the earthquake, it asserted the importance of the American West," and "it turned American attention toward the Orient and South America."

Western Studies. On June 3 and 4, the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, will hold a symposium titled "The Rocky Mountains: A Vision for Artists in the Nineteenth Century." Through a variety of lectures, the symposium plans to explore for the first time "the interrelationship of American art, thought, and history as related to the Rocky Mountains and Western wilderness." This program will coincide with the opening of an exhibit, similarly titled. The Center is also sponsoring the fourth annual Summer Institute on Western American Studies on May 30 through June 24. Four, one-week courses will be offered for undergraduate and graduate credit. To obtain details about the symposium and summer institute, write to the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Box 1000, Cody, Wyoming, 82414.

Oklahoma City Attraction. Thousands of people will be pouring into downtown Okla-

INTRODUCING

ALL NEW
TOTALLY DIFFERENT
INDIAN-ARTIFACT
MAGAZINE

All About:
Indians
Legends
Artifacts
Lifestyles
Archeology
Humor

Enjoyed by
History Buffs
Artifact Hunters
& Collectors

Destined to be a great reference source

written in language you will understand

6 issues per year
☐ 1 year $12.00
☐ 2 years $22.00

Send payment or inquiry to:
INDIAN-ARTIFACT MAGAZINE
RD 1, Box 240
Turbotville, PA 17772
Money back guarantee

Lore of The Sodbuster
Commemorating the courage and sacrifice of those who settled the Old West, this bronze was commissioned by the Old West Trail Foundation as a part of their efforts to perpetuate the rich heritage of the Old West.
Available thru the Old West Trail Foundation
P.O. Box 2554
Rapid City, SD 57709
605/ 343-7677
Limited Edition of 25
$900 each inclusive of all charges

Billy the Kid, Butch Cassidy and the Sun dance Kid along with dozens of other long forgotten badmen wrote a history punctuated by gunshots in historic Las Cruces and Mesilla, New Mexico. On the same spot, three centuries earlier, the Spanish Conquistadores explored and established a village along the banks of the lengendary Rio Grande and beneath the 10,000 ft. peaks of the majestic Organ Mountains. Today, stroll through an 1800's village Dine in authentic territorial buildings in old world elegance. Experience the charm of a world renowned restaurant which was a Butterfield Stagecoach Stop. Explore museums, art galleries, churches, frontier forts, ghost towns and more. Discover yourself Come to where the Southwest began

Las Cruces, New Mexico
Since 1535, a great place to visit.

LAS CRUCES

Convention &
Visitors Bureau
311 N. Downtown Mall
Dept. 503
Las Cruces, NM 88001
(505) 524-8521

★★★

Quality

Ranch Vacations

Choose from over 60
approved ranches
in our FREE DIRECTORY
Horseback riding,
Fishing,
Family Style Meals,
Cookouts,
Pack Trips, and more!

Write or call:

DUDE RANCHERS
ASSOCIATION

Amey Grubbs, Ex. Secretary
P.O. Box 471E
La Porte, Colorado 80535
Phone: 303/881-2117

RED RIVER
FRONTIER OUTFITTERS

If you are looking for the most authentic, comfortable and attractive frontier "dry goods" available, come to Red River. We make historical clothing . . .not costumes! Our museum quality reproductions are made of the finest materials, As the leader in "Old West" authenticity, Red River has outfitted wild west shows, motion pictures, living history programs, museums and western hobbyists all over the world. You'll be impressed at the detailing in our made-to-order 1870s styled bib-front, sutler, 49er style yoke, shirts, in wool or washable cotton—uniform parts for the 1876 and 1885 cavalry trooper—hat cords, campaign shirts,' hats, holsters, horse equipment, saber knots—frontier style holsters, cartridge belts, cuffs, vests, trousers, and much more.

For Complete Pictorial Catalog Send $2.00 to:
RED RIVER
P.O. Box 241, Dept. AW
Tujunga, CA 91042

REFLECTIONS OF THE PAST

1" Sterling Silver buckle set
with rope edge–$190
1¼" Sterling Silver buckle set
with three 10k Gold initials–$190
© 1983 MAX LANG

MAX LANG
10848 Westheimer, Houston, Texas 77042 Phone 713/785-9933
Belt Catalog $2.50

homa City this spring for a six-day, outdoor celebration of the arts in Civic Center Park. Known as the Festival of the Arts the program, which runs April 19 through 24, will feature the sale of arts and crafts displayed by two hundred different artists, as well as continuous entertainment on two stages, and booths with a wide variety of tempting foods. (Last year, 20,000 strawberry crepes and 11,000 egg rolls were consumed.) The Arts Council of Oklahoma has been sponsoring this popular event for seventeen years.

Head to Toe. Feathers, ribbons, fruits, and flowers were once the glorious highlights of women's hats. Lavish millinery styles at the turn of the century—which spurred the Audubon Society into action to protect the plumage of rare birds—as well as the plain poke bonnets of the pioneers can be admired in the sixth-floor gallery of the Denver Museum of Art. To complete the picture of changing fashions in the last one hundred years, the exhibit also displays footwear for men and women, including high-buttoned shoes and pumps of satin, velvet, and brocade. August 21 is the show's closing date.

Dinosaurs in the Desert. "In its time, it could have been the largest living animal on earth. It carried armor like a tank...." These words of University of California–Berkeley paleontologist Robert Long describe *phytosaurus Rutiodon,* a water-loving reptile with six-inch teeth, whose bones were found in the badlands of northeastern Arizona by Long and a team of researchers last year. Exploring a vast sweep of reddish desert in the Petrified Forest National Park, the scientists also discovered fossils of previously unknown creatures that appear to be oversized salamanders and lizards. These ancient animals thrived about 200 million years ago. *Arizona Highways* reported the discoveries, publishing Long's remarks in a copyrighted story in the magazine's February edition.

Covered Wagons Ho. On April 15 an unusual high-school history project will get underway as a band of covered wagons, constructed and driven by students, heads down Arizona's historic Bloody Basin Trail on an eight-day adventure. Organized by Bob Kastelic, a history teacher at Saguaro High School in Scottsdale, Arizona, the wagon train is intended to help young people grasp the challenges of pioneer life through their

own experiences. During the seventy-five-mile trek, which ends in the school's parking lot, students will wear dress typical of the 1800s that they have made themselves. Responsibilities include tending the horses, cooking meals in Dutch ovens, keeping the wagons in line, and making repairs if there is a breakdown on the trail.

Photo by J. C. H. Grabill, 1887. The Library of Congress

The American Cowboy. The largest exhibition ever held on the American cowboy will open on March 26 in the Madison Building galleries of The Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. Organized by the Library's American Folklife Center, "The American Cowboy" show combines paintings, prints, posters, manuscripts, film clips, and a variety of artifacts to explore both the realities and myths of cowboy life. According to the exhibit's guest curator, Lonn Wood Taylor, the cowboy of the open range belonged to a system of ranching that lasted only about thirty years—yet he continues to fire public imagination as part of an ever-growing legend. This exhibit traces the development of that legend through the 1980s. On view in Washington until October 2, "The American Cowboy" will travel to the University of Texas and other sites in the West.

Old Winery Reopens. Buena Vista Winery in Sonoma, California, has completed restoration of its historic Press House, considered the oldest winery building in the state. Built in 1862 and used for wine making through 1980, the Press House is now open to the public as a tasting room and art gallery. A permanent exhibit of artifacts and documents is planned to reflect changes at the Press House over the years. The American Institute of Architects recently honored this restoration project with an award.

INDIAN PORTRAITS BY CURTIS

Free literature illustrates our affordable, limited edition Curtis photogravure prints. (Not posters or reproductions.) Edward S. Curtis, turn-of-the-century master photographer, uniquely merges art, history and anthropology in our Classic Edition. Over 300 Indian images available.
Write or call:

The CURTIS COLLECTION
P.O. Box NNN • Dept. E
Albuquerque, NM 87196
(505) 345-5329

BOYD PERRY
Pewter
COLLECTABLES

Introducing Dusty, a rough, tough cowboy and his lovable horse, Buckwheat. They are the first two personalities in this hand crafted Limited Pewter Collection.

$9.95 Each

Each piece is cast in antique finished Pewter, individually polished, and carries the artists signature.
Each order will include a brochure introducing Boyd Perry, and information on ordering future pieces.

Shown smaller than size.
Money Back Guarantee

Start your collection today with one or both of these sculptures!

Send Check or Money Order to.
ADVERTISING ART SERVICE
P.O. Box 223 Willow Grove, PA 19090
Please allow 4 weeks for delivery

American Legacy Gallery

Representing these major American artists:

DENNIS ANDERSON, NAWA
TONY ANGELL, NAWA
JOSEPH BOHLER, NWR
ROBERT DAUGHTERS
MIKE DESATNICK
JOHN FREE, NAWA
RICHARD GREEVES, NAWA
JIM GRIFFITHS
JOSEPH HENNINGER, NWS
DAN McCAW
JIM REY
DAVID SOLOMON
TIM STORTZ
PAUL STRISIK, ANA, NAWA
KENT ULLBERG, ANA, NAWA
HOLLIS WILLIFORD, NAWA

Also works by:

THOMAS HART BENTON, BIRGER SANDZEN, JOHN FALTER, JOHN STEUART CURRY, AND GENE KLOSS

Call or write for gallery publication or photographs

5911 Main Street • Kansas City, Missouri 64113 • 816/444-7944
DEALING IN TRADITIONAL AND WESTERN ART

Important Announcement to Owners of Olaf Wieghorst's "Navajo Madonna"

The long awaited companion piece to this classic of western art has been completed. Titled "The Navajo", this new painting by Olaf Wieghorst is of the same high standards as "Navajo Madonna", and will be reproduced in limited edition to complement in every respect your treasured "Navajo Madonna" print.

As an owner of a "Navajo Madonna" print you are aware that it is perhaps the most sought after and valuable western painting ever published. Issued in 1972, "Navajo Madonna" today sells for up to $7,000, an unprecedented appreciation in print value.

And now "The Navajo", painted specifically by Mr. Wieghorst as its companion piece, beautifully enhances "Navajo Madonna" with special sensitivity and grace. Hung together, the two works create a unique display that will provide their owners with a handsome western art investment that can only grow in value.

Matching number assignments for the "The Navajo" will be held open only until April 1, 1983. For further information, and *to reserve your matching number call* Toll Free: 1-800-328-3615.

The Wooden Bird

8600 Kennedy Memorial Drive, St. Bonifacius, Minnesota 55375
(612) 446-1613 • Toll Free: 1-800-328-3615

AMERICAN WEST
is published by the
BUFFALO BILL
HISTORICAL CENTER
Cody, Wyoming

THE BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER is a nonprofit institution dedicated to preserving and exhibiting the heritage of the American West. It is also home of four major museums whose exhibits of art, ethnographic materials, and historic artifacts reflect more than one hundred years of America's colorful past. Together the museums at the Center offer an extensive view of frontier life.

The Buffalo Bill Museum, dedicated in 1927, holds the largest collection of Buffalo Bill material in the world. The Whitney Gallery of Western Art, begun in 1959, features masterworks of American painting and sculpture. The Plains Indian Museum, opened in 1969, brings to life the rich traditions of Native Americans in the West. And the Winchester Museum records the history of American firearms through the magnificent gun collection Oliver Winchester began in 1860.

Membership in the Center's Patrons' Association is open to anyone interested in America's Western heritage. Annual membership includes subscriptions to AMERICAN WEST and a quarterly newsletter, free museum admission, and discounts on museum publications. Categories are: Individual—$35, Family—$60, Centennial & Small Business—$100, Sponsor—$250, Sustaining—$500, Benefactor & Corporate—$1,000, Pahaska League—$2,000. Tax-deductible donations may be sent to Box 1000, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

BOB Miller
Box 656
Lake Dallas, Texas 75065

The Feel of the Horn
An intimate look at the everyday cowboy...the hours of toil etched in his hands. A signed and numbered limited edition print of 1,000. A handsome black and white fine quality print of the original charcoal drawing for $75. Print size 23" x 30."

Edward S. Curtis Gallery

Three Eagles 1910

Offering the collector original photogravures, goldtones, volumes, portfolios and individual photogravures from Curtis' epic study.

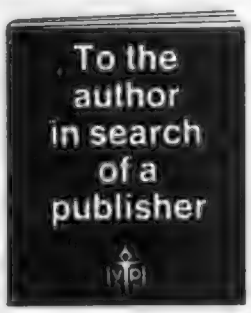
The North American Indian

• Appraisals • Museum & Gallery Exhibitions • Kirk A. Rudy, Gallery director, specializing in Curtis since 1972

159 Throckmorton Avenue • Mill Valley, CA 94941 (415) 383-1747

Authors...
LOOKING FOR A PUBLISHER?
Learn how to have your book published.

You are invited to send for a free illustrated guidebook which explains how your book can be published, promoted and marketed. Whether your subject is fiction, non-fiction or poetry, scientific, scholarly, specialized, (even controversial) this handsome 40-page brochure will show you how to arrange for prompt publication.



Unpublished authors, especially, will find this booklet valuable and informative. **For your free copy, write to: VANTAGE PRESS, Inc. Dept. Y-70 516 W. 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001**

EARLY LUMBER CAMP IN TOLEDO, OREGON. COURTESY OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Loggers' fare: Meals from the Northwest woods

by Margaret Byrd Adams

Red-suspendered loggers slashed their way into Pacific Northwest forests with their stomachs full of simple but sumptuous fare from the camp cookhouse. A single man might devour 9,500 calories a day—necessary fuel for felling mighty Douglas firs and giant redwoods by axe. Home for the "wild and wooly, never-been-curried-above-the-knees" loggers was apt to be the camp where the cook served the best coffee and lemon pie.

To attract loggers, camp managers tried to have the most inviting cookhouse in their particular neck of the woods. Camps had to feed their men at least as well as their oxen, or the log quota to the mill would not be met. Worse yet, a camp with bad food would end up with a bunch of "camp inspectors"—loggers who carried their licey bedrolls from job to job until they found a camp to suit their fancy.

After the foreman, the cook was key man in camp. At L. T. Murray's camp on the Tilton River in Washington, a cook once threw a whole slab of bacon into the wood stove right before the owner's eyes. The cheap firewood he had been given to cook with was replaced within two hours by a carload of seasoned hardwood. Another cook packed his bags when an accountant scratched walnuts, coconut, and raisins from the supply list. The cook was not gone long, however, before a standing order was given never to cut his list again.

The cook was the first one up in the morning to begin breakfast for sixty to two hundred men. When his yell "light's in the swamp" swept through the camp, loggers rolled into their caulk boots and headed for the cookhouse—a long, log house or, after locomotives had snaked their way into the woods, a converted boxcar.

Served about 5 A.M., breakfast was a filling but silent meal. Loggers did not have time to talk, being pushed by the camp boss to start a fourteen-hour day. Breakfast over, they grabbed an orange from a box by the door and headed into the woods with their stiff tin pants (trousers soaked in paraffin for waterproofing) weighted down by heavy tools and held up by red suspenders.

Lunch in the forest tended to be a picnic of boiled ham, roast beef, homemade bread, pies, cakes, giant cookies, and gallons of hot coffee. Dinner, around 8 P.M., was usually a creation of dried and preserved foods: corned beef, dried beef, salt pork, beans, as well as bounty from the woods—wild duck, turkey, partridge. Loggers washed down dinner with "tea you could float an axe on."

Certain camp menus followed the loggers across the giant swath they cut through the northern United States from Maine to the Pacific Northwest. Corned beef and clam chowder served in New England logging camps reappeared in the white ironstone dishes on camp tables in the white-pine forests of Michigan around 1840.

If any difference existed between camp meals served in Maine and Oregon, it was in quantity. Western trees are so big "they make your eyes stick out," commented one logger mapping the woods. Consequently, Western camps served bigger meals to prepare loggers for the hard work. Pie usually appeared three times a day as did fruit soup, a stew of dried fruit and sour cream that kept loggers of Scandinavian descent happy and in fine tune.

L. T. Murray's camp had a cookhouse whose diners included Mr. Murray's friends, who came out from town for the "finest food in any Northwest logging camp." The secret of this camp's superior meals was the cook's wife, Mildred Chambers, who as pastry chef baked forty to fifty pies and seventy-five dozen cookies a day. Fortunately for us, Mrs. Chambers recorded some of her recipes, reduced here to family proportions in case you are not feeding a camp crew.

Loggers' Lemon Pie

Combine 1 c. sugar, 5 T. cornstarch, and ¼ t. salt. Stir in 2 c. boiling water and heat until smooth and thickened. Pour this syrup over 2 well-beaten eggs in a large mixing bowl. Add the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon and stir. Cool thoroughly, stirring occasionally. Pour over a bottom crust in a 9" pie plate, cover with top crust, and pinch crusts together. Bake pie at 450° for 30 minutes. Serve with sweetened sour cream or whipped cream.

Corned Beef

Put 3½ lbs. of corned beef in a large pot and cover with water. Add 1 large onion studded with 4 whole cloves, plus 1 bay leaf, 1 T. white vinegar, and 1 stalk of celery, chopped. Cover pot and cook gently on top of a wood-burning stove for about 2 hours or in a 325° oven for the same period of time. Saving juices in the pot, remove meat and coat it with mixture of ¼ c. brown sugar and 1 T. prepared mustard. Set aside. Then cook with juices in pot: 5 peeled carrots and 4 peeled potatoes. When they are barely tender, add 1 small head of cabbage that has been cut in wedges. When vegetables are done, arrange on platter with corned beef and 10 to 12 cooked beets. Serves 6 to 8 normal appetites—or 3 hungry loggers.

Margaret Byrd Adams *of Portland, Oregon, is author of* Warm & Tasty: The Wood Heat Stove Cookbook *and coauthor of a corporate history of a prominent Northwest lumber company.*

"I would suggest to any sculptor seeking a high level of craftsmanship that he pursue a relationship with Classic Bronze."

William A. Kohl, Professor of Art, College of the Desert, Palm Desert, CA

"Coup Stick"
by Landon Lamb
From The Matthews Collection

Those are the words of one of America's gifted sculptors, quoted from a recent letter to Matthews Classic Bronze. They are satisfying words to us and they echo the comments of other well-known sculptors like Malcolm Alexander, Landon Lamb and Rolf Zillmer—sculptors who know that Classic Bronze foundrymen have the eye of the artist and the dedication to reproduce someone else's truth exactly. Our experience lies within all phases of casting: sand casting, spin casting and lost wax casting. Lost wax casting is the favored technique for casting bronze sculptures. Beyond this, we promise on-time delivery, no matter how complex your work. For an appointment to tour our foundry, call or write Mel Schelbauer, Classic Bronze, Division of Matthews International, 2230 N. Chico Avenue, South El Monte, CA 91733. 213/444-0468.

Foundry Mark of Excellence

Matthews
Classic Bronze

North America, Late Cretaceous Period

THE SETTING SUN WASHES THE SKY WITH A PALE pink glow, and a slight breeze moves through the dense stands of pine, fir, and ash. Feeding is best at this time of day: the sun is not so hot.

A herd of thirty duck-billed dinosaurs (*Anatosaurus*) dawdle along the edge of a shallow river. They are long creatures with webbed forefeet and a head full of teeth—over one thousand. The sentinels sniff the breeze cautiously: the females and yearlings have just completed their migration from the upland hatching areas far to the west and are especially vulnerable to predators.

A *Tyrannosaurus rex,* stalking just beyond the trees, notices their return immediately. He watches the duck-billed heads bob up and down as they feed on the soft plants along the river bank. Instinctively, he plans an attack. He must catch them by surprise on land, for despite his immense weight—nearly eight tons—he can easily outrun a young anatosaur on open ground. The tyrannosaur maneuvers carefully, quickly, picking his point of attack at a wide, sandy bend in the river. He emerges from the forest just as a sentinel anatosaur catches his scent and signals the herd.

The duck-billed creatures rush toward deeper water for safety, knowing that only there can they escape the massive jaws of *Tyrannosaurus rex*. Running almost parallel to the ground, tail held straight behind for balance, the tyrannosaur singles out a small male anatosaur and surges ahead. Suddenly, the tyrannosaur stumbles over a cycad trunk rotting in the sand. His foot twists and cracks under his enormous weight, and he crashes into the river. The tyrannosaur bellows and writhes in pain, but cannot escape the shallow, lapping water of the river.

By nightfall, a heavy rain is falling, and the steadily rising river inundates the helpless *Tyrannosaurus rex*. Days later when the water begins to subside, crocodiles and gar pike rip into the dead dinosaur's stomach cavity. As the river recedes and completely exposes the tyrannosaur's carcass, a smaller carnivore, an *Albertosaurus,* also feeds on the deteriorating body, losing three teeth to his tyrannosaur meal. Then the rainy season comes, and the river again covers *Tyrannosaurus rex*. The tyrannosaur's skeleton will be buried in the earth for sixty-five million years.

Northwestern South Dakota, 1981

THE SPRING OF '81 WAS DRIER THAN MOST. The flat, short-grass prairie stretched brown and parched under the April sun. Rancher Bill Marty, out fixing fence, could not help but wonder what kind of summer a spring like this would bring. The hay would be short, for one thing. He was sure of that. He glanced down at his watch and looked back up the fence row for his son Jess. Bill had left him to dig up an old buffalo skull, lying in a gumbo bank just outside the fence line. He should have been back half an hour before. Bill threw his tools in the pickup and drove back to find his son leaning on a shovel, shaking his head. What Jess had found was not a buffalo skull. It was too big, too old for that; it had to be prehistoric, maybe a mammoth or dinosaur fossil. They were curious about the bone and decided to consult their

For the first time in sixty-five million years, this *Tyrannosaurus rex* makes its way across a barren South Dakota plain, not treading in majestic ferocity, but encased in plaster on a rancher's truck.

Haystack Butte surrenders terrible lizard

South Dakota ranchers dig dinosaurs

Pamela Smith Hill

neighbors, Jennings and Shirley Floden.

For years the Flodens had wanted to know more about an old bone they had seen on nearby Haystack Butte. Now that Marty had uncovered something, maybe it was time to find out if all of them were ranching over dinosaur country. "You always have that wondering," says Shirley Floden. "What caused that formation? Why is it here? Ever since Jennings can remember, there's been some bone working out of the side of that butte."

Mrs. Floden carried news of the Martys' big bone to South Dakota's state archeologist, who passed the information to Dr. Philip Bjork, director of the Museum of Geology at South Dakota School of Mines and Technology in Rapid City. Bjork was the right man to investigate the Martys' bone and perhaps explore the fossils on Haystack Butte. Since 1979 "Mines" and the Museum of Geology had played an instrumental role in several important paleontological discoveries: a sixty-five-million-year-old *Triceratops* skull in western South Dakota; a Columbian mammoth butcher site, roughly ten thousand and six hundred years old, in the South Dakota Badlands; and a seventy-eight-million-year-old *Mosasaur,* complete with the fossilized remains of its last meal, near Edgemont, South Dakota.

Despite these successes, no one, least of all Bjork, would have predicted that the Martys' big bone and the Flodens' persistent questions about Haystack Butte would ultimately lead to the dinosaur find of a lifetime. The *Tyrannosaurus rex* skeleton, buried sixty-five million years ago, was about to be uncovered again. It would be the sixth such discovery in the world.

On May 15, 1981, Bjork and fellow paleontologist Reid Macdonald set out for the Martys' place, a two-and-one-half-hour trip from the Museum of Geology in Rapid City. It was a scenic drive along the eastern fringe of the Black Hills, past towering Bear Butte, and through the isolated back country of northwestern South Dakota, a wildly desolate landscape broken only by an occasional mud butte, a herd of pronghorn, or a flock of sheep moving from one pasture to the next. Just outside of Newell, South Dakota, Bjork noted a sign: "75 Miles to Next Service."

"The initial drive up there is the longest drive you'll ever make," he observes. "You feel you're going off the edge of the earth; fifteen miles without seeing a house, without seeing even a turn-off for a house. And the road keeps getting narrower and narrower."

But that first day at the Martys' was successful. Bjork and Macdonald identified the Martys' bone as an unusually large *Triceratops* shoulder blade. The fossil was roughly sixty-five million years old and had belonged to perhaps the most common armoured dinosaur of the late Cretaceous period. Bjork and Macdonald covered the bone with newspaper and burlap, and planned to return later to plaster and transport it back to the Museum. They also made a quick examination of Haystack Butte. It looked promising, but not exceptional. Excited by the Martys' prehistoric shoulder blade, the ranchers returned to livestock, but kept an anxious eye leveled on Haystack Butte.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL SPRINGER

(Above) *Bill Marty is one of the neighboring ranchers who enthusiastically helped to resurrect* Tyrannosaurus rex *from Haystack Butte in northwestern South Dakota. He is shown here after a messy session of plastering at the dig.*

(Opposite) *Paleontologist Dr. Philip Bjork, of the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology, undercuts the* T. rex *fossil so that plaster bandages can be applied.*

On July 17, Bjork once again made the marathon drive through northwestern South Dakota. Sixty-five million years ago, the area was a broad, swampy lowland of richly sedimented streams and coniferous forests. On this day, Bjork noticed that the dull browns of early spring had given way to lush greens. "The whole countryside looked fresh," he remembers. "As I passed Castle Rock, three mule deer bounced across the road and down a draw." As Bjork pulled into the Floden ranch, he perceived defeat. "Everyone was just sitting around waiting. We had a long walk up to the butte."

Once Bjork began digging, however, he was surprised at what he found. "We hit a rib and the edge of a limb bone of a large animal. That tipped us off that we should dig more." Bjork placed a plaster and burlap cap on the exposed limb bone, then buried the rib for protection. He would return to Haystack Butte in August.

Following Bjork's initial decision to dig further on the butte, the Flodens and the Martys extended the trench to the south of the first fossil discoveries. They took roughly twelve feet of dirt off Haystack Butte and worked down to within two or three feet above bone level. Then they waited for Bjork.

Finally, on August 17 (what Shirley Floden calls "The Big Day"), Bjork, the ranchers, and a few volunteers from Rapid City began digging in earnest. "That morning we found a tooth, and Phil seemed really pleased," Shirley remembers. "'I think we have a carnivore,' he said. But that's all he'd say." At about 11:30 Shirley left to organize lunch for the crew; when she came back thirty minutes later, the mood on Haystack Butte had changed substantially.

"They'd found two more teeth. Phil knew he had a jaw. He said, 'I think we have a *T. Rex.*' And who hadn't heard of *Tyrannosaurus rex?* We were all just real excited. But I didn't realize how rare it was. I thought there was plenty of skeletal material to document it." Shirley pauses dramatically. "Then when Phil told us that maybe only three hundred people in the world had ever seen bones like this exposed, I just couldn't believe it. The whole idea.... We'd look at one another and say, 'Did you ever think we'd be doing this, this summer? Digging for dinosaurs?'"

"When we hit that first tooth," Bjork confesses, "I knew what we had—a *Tyrannosaurus rex.* At this point, I was intrigued, but didn't want to get too excited and risk creating a major disappointment for these people. It could have been just a few isolated teeth, nothing more." That afternoon, however, Bjork and the ranchers uncovered forty-three inches of the lower left edge of the skull. The following day, the skull itself, well over four feet long, emerged from the butte. Bjork, who rarely waxes poetic on any of his finds, describes this skull as "nice, the find of a lifetime."

With amateur paleontologists Rita Hillenbrand, Teri Powell, and others, Bjork continued excavations on Haystack Butte through early October. But the ranchers—the Flodens, the Martys and their neighbor Benny Ruby—became the real nucleus of what eventually was known as the "T. wrecks" crew. They worked with awls, brushes, trowels, geology picks, sometimes makeshift ranch tools. They coated fossils with suffocating mixtures of glue and xylene, then wrapped each precious find with protective

PHOTO BY MICHAEL SPRINGER

PHOTO BY MICHAEL SPRINGER

layers of toilet paper, surgical bandages, or burlap dipped in plaster of paris—first, under the hot August sun and later, through the penetrating chill of early autumn.

"There was no point where we made a formal arrangement or defined the limits of this dig," Bjork notes thoughtfully. "It was something that just developed. These ranchers have an intense curiosity about their land. As ranchers, they are intimately participating with it everyday."

"During the seventeen trips I made up to the butte that summer," Bjork recalls, "I don't remember a day that was too long. I was amazed at the determination of these people who wanted to dig. A typical comment from Jennings, Jess, or Benny was, 'Had to get up at three o'clock this morning to do my haying.' But they were at the butte by eight o'clock."

WHEN EXCAVATIONS DREW TO A CLOSE IN THE FALL, Bjork and the ranchers had unearthed roughly twenty-five percent of an entire *Tyrannosaurus rex* skeleton: the skull and jaws, seven ribs, and a dozen vertabrae. (A complete skeleton has never been found anywhere.) In addition, Bjork identified the remains of two turtles, two kinds of crocodile teeth, gar pike scales, and three teeth from a meat-eating *Albertosaurus*. According to Bjork, all these fossils are sixty-five million years old.

Paleontologists actually know very little about *Tyrannosaurus rex*. Bjork quickly points out that the Haystack Butte find is only the sixth *T. rex* skull/skeleton combination

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY ELIZABETH WOLF

Approximate location of dinosaur finds in the Western states.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL SPRINGER

(Opposite) *Haystack Butte, in which the* T. rex *was buried, rises fifty-five feet above the surrounding prairie. Dakota ranchers happily climbed to the main dig, near the top, throughout an entire summer to free the earth-bound fossil.*

(Above) *Aided by volunteer ranchers, Dr. Bjork applies layers of plaster bandages to the fossil in preparation for the gala day when it would be carefully lifted by crane and taken by truck to the Museum of Geology in Rapid City.*

---

in the world and the first in South Dakota. Barnum Brown, a paleontologist of now legendary stature, discovered the first two *Tyrannosaurus rex* skeletons in the Hell Creek formation of eastern Montana during the early twentieth century. Those finds, along with a handful of others in North America, indicate that *T. Rex* weighed up to eight tons, making it the largest known meat-eater to inhabit the earth. Its sixty serrated teeth, some over six inches long, curved back toward its throat, allowing the dinosaur to swallow huge pieces of flesh. From head to tail, it measured forty-five feet, and stood at least seventeen feet tall. A human being—had *Homo sapiens* been around sixty-five million years ago—would have scarcely reached *T. rex*'s kneecaps.

In late September, Bjork and the ranchers decided to go public with their find. The School of Mines public relations office held perhaps its first official press conference (no one on campus remembers another), and the South Dakota Division of Tourism released news of the *T. rex* discovery to newspapers and magazines across the country. They were determined that the removal of *Tyrannosaurus rex* from Haystack Butte should be a real media event.

At this point, Bjork had to devise a plan to get the massive skeleton package, now wrapped in a heavy plaster ball, safely off the butte. Bjork had already proved to be a wizard at such schemes. Earlier in the summer, he had lifted a two-ton *Triceratops* skull package out of the earth, using a South Dakota National Guard helicopter. *T. rex* did not call for anything quite so dramatic, but it would require at least a flat-bed trailer, two old tractor tires, and a crane. The trailer and tires were easy enough: Bill Marty volunteered his vehicle and Jennings Floden could supply the tractor tires. But the crane—

Floden suggested that Keith Carr of Prairie City be approached, and Carr was interested. Yet, while he wanted to volunteer his earth-moving equipment for the Haystack Butte operation, he was worried about insurance coverage. After all, how do you insure one of six *T. Rex* skeletons in the world? Carr called his insurance representative. "How would you like to insure a dinosaur?" Carr asked. Much to Carr's surprise, the representative responded with an enthusiastic, "Yes."

LICA Insurance Agency, the company that insured Carr, had recently initiated a new advertising campaign that featured an enraged dinosaur eating a bulldozer. The ad copy ran, "How's your brontosaurus insurance coverage?" It promised customers protection from even the remote likelihood of a dinosaur attack. Carr's clever representative saw *T. rex* as a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for his company to "put its money where its mouth was." LICA agreed to write a special *T. rex* policy and pay its premium. Bjork had the crane, and with this last detail out of the way, he planned to take *Tyrannosaurus rex* off Haystack Butte in October, "before the snow flies."

On October 13 a caravan of reporters, photographers, and television camera crews followed Bjork's dark-green pickup through the predawn darkness to the Flodens' ranch. It was drizzling, and the temperature hovered around thirty-two degrees. True to form, Shirley Floden was waiting with a potful of hot coffee when Bjork and the press arrived at the ranch. The "T. wrecks" crew began bantering with Bjork, but an undercurrent of tension dulled their wit. Their dinosaur was insured for ten thousand dollars, but that covered only minimal damage. What if Carr's equipment broke down? What if the plaster cast did not hold? And then, there was the long drive back to the Museum in Rapid City. What if there should be an accident?

THE TELEVISION NETWORK CREW WAS HAVING equipment problems. Benny Ruby spotted a news commentator without a coat. He lent her a snowmobile suit. There were a few, quick introductions; then Bjork decided it was time to head out for the dinosaur. Another caravan, this one composed of thirteen to sixteen pickups, station wagons, and

PHOTO BY MICHAEL SPRINGER

Preparator and curator of exhibits at the Museum of Geology, Merton Bowman cleans the teeth on the T. rex *skull. To get the huge fossil inside the Museum's bone lab, staff workers had to remove one wall and two windows.*

subcompacts, bounced across a mile or so of pasture to reach the butte.

The wind was sharp, bitterly cold. Reporters and photographers crawled up the butte with the ranchers, asking questions, clicking shutters, trying to stay out of the way. Now and then, Bjork stopped working to give the television crews an on-the-spot interview, and down below, more and more cars lined up to see *Tyrannosaurus rex* come out of hiding.

The "T. wrecks" crew crowded around the narrow trench surrounding the dinosaur package, a big lopsided plaster ball roughly eight feet long and five feet around. It weighed close to a ton. Bjork carefully supervised the work on the butte, as down below Keith Carr maneuvered his crane up a temporary gumbo ramp. Using four-by-fours, the crew on the butte slowly, painstakingly pried the package into position at the edge of the trench.

"Turn the critter up this way!"

"The bottom may fall out." And then in a nervous aside, "That's the big concern with packages like this."

Wrapped with cargo nets, resting on three four-by-fours, *T. rex* was ready for Carr's machine. Reporters and photographers scrambled down the butte for a better view of the lift-off. Carr waited until all the spectators were off the butte, then guided his machine toward the precious plaster ball. The crane gently lowered its cargo in a series of short, measured descents to the cushioning tractor tires on Marty's flat-bed trailer below. For an instant there was a breathless silence, then spontaneous cheering. Someone produced champagne, and Bjork, standing alongside Marty's truck, suddenly splashed the dinosaur's plaster shell with bubbly. "Long live *T. rex*!" Ranchers, spectators, writers, and photographers joined in the toast. There in the cold October sunshine, the "T. wrecks" crew celebrated. Tomorrow they would drive their dinosaur to its new home at the Museum of Geology.

T. rex arrived safely at the Museum's bone lab, though the staff had to knock out one wall and two windows just to get it inside. While the skeleton is in excellent condition for a fossil its age, *T. rex* still requires a great deal of cleaning, stabilizing, and restoration. Its fate now lies principally with Mert Bowman, preparator and curator of exhibits at the Museum.

Bowman, who is a sculptor "with some background in anatomy," spends hours "removing layers of decomposed plant material from the bone." It requires expert skill, as the bone is often virtually indistinguishable from its matrix. Consequently, the work is tedious, meticulous, and demands what Bowman calls, "good manual dexterity, real craftsmanship." As he delicately exposes bone, he pours a thin layer of acetone over the skeleton to stabilize and harden it. Bowman uses epoxy to hold major crevices together. He smiles wryly and says, "I just hope all this doesn't end up in a basket somewhere." Bowman is actually preparing *Tyrannosaurus rex* for exhibit at the Museum of Geology. What form that exhibit will take depends on the condition of the bones still inside the plaster casings, on what Bjork and the "T. wrecks" crew uncover, and on the success of a project to raise funds for a new building at the Museum of Geology.

"Initially," says Bjork, "we'll display the skull in a temporary exhibit in the Museum. The work on the rest of the skeleton will continue, but in the long run, we need more space to properly exhibit this and many other specimens."

BJORK AND HIS ASSOCIATES HAVE LAUNCHED a support group known as the Palmin Society, an organization that sells family and corporate memberships to finance new paleontological explorations in South Dakota. The School of Mines has initiated a capital campaign to provide bricks and mortar for Museum expansion.

The Flodens, Martys, and Rubys have visited Bowman's lab and watched his work on the skeleton with great interest. As Shirley says, "I still get a thrill when I look at that skull—its big teeth and everything." The ranchers are proud that their dinosaur will be on exhibit in South Dakota. "Our children, grandchildren, even great-grandchildren will have this to see right here. It will show them what our country is really like," Shirley explains seriously.

She continues, "Even if we hadn't found much last summer, the dig would still have been very exciting for us. We've made new friends. We have a clear understanding of the geology around our ranches." Yet she quietly confesses: "In the back of my mind, I've wondered what would have happened if it weren't really *T. rex*. What if it was a different critter? It could have been just an old bone, you know?"

The summer of '81 transformed the lives of the Flodens, Martys, and Rubys. Out of the dust came a "nightmare critter," and their northwestern South Dakota ranches now support dinosaurs as well as sheep and cattle. The ranchers have been initiated into the mysteries of paleontology, and while the "T. wrecks" crew introduced Phil Bjork to the more prosaic mysteries of a branding in the spring of '82, they are digging once again on their butte, hoping for more "new sets o' old bones."

Update, January, 1983

Philip Bjork, his students, and the South Dakota ranchers are continuing their search for bones. In addition to the finds described above, Dr. Bjork has uncovered part of *T. rex*'s tail—a twelve-foot, articulated piece in excellent condition—a lower jaw, and three more teeth, as well as a tooth from a duck-billed dinosaur. Students have added six ribs and three teeth to the *T. rex* collection. At this point, fifty percent of the *T. rex* skeleton has been recovered. The skull is now on exhibit at the Museum of Geology in Rapid City, and a display of the jawbone is planned for late spring.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The author thanks Dr. Philip Bjork for his cooperation and technical assistance. Interesting background sources are: John Mann, *The Day of the Dinosaur* (1978); L. Sprague de Camp and Catherine Crook de Camp, *The Day of the Dinosaur* (1968); Ronald Paul Ratkevich, *Dinosaurs of the Southwest* (1976); Dale A. Russell, *A Vanished World: The Dinosaurs of Western Canada* (1977).

Pamela Smith Hill *is a free-lance writer who gathered material for this article on the scene in South Dakota.*

NEBRASKA

Back Trail of an Old Cowboy
By Paul E. Young

An articulate autobiography by a 90-year-old retired cowboy who recalls run-ins with outlaws of the Wild Bunch, beating Jack Dempsey in wrestling behind a bar in Price, Utah, and roundups in Yellowstone River country when it was still open range. vi, 229 pages. $14.95

NEW BISON BOOK PAPERBACKS

The Crow Indians
By Robert H. Lowie

"For the intelligent layman curious about human beginnings, or interested in our Indian problem and in Indian life and character, or intrigued by the study of human nature anywhere, the book will be a real treat."—*New York Times.* xxii, 350 pages. BB $8.95

Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail
By Theodore Roosevelt
Illustrated by Frederic Remington

First published in 1888, this book describes the extraordinarily rugged and adventurous years TR spent on his North Dakota ranch prior to becoming President of the United States. Includes 83 illustrations by Roosevelt's friend, Frederic Remington. x, 188 pages.
BB 833 $8.95; Cloth $19.95

Rocky Mountain Life
Or, Startling Scenes and Perilous Adventures in the Far West during an Expedition of Three Years
By Rufus B. Sage

A mid-19th-century travel account filled with fascinating descriptions of geography, wildlife, Indians, and frontier war from Texas to Oregon. Previously available to only a few fortunate collectors, this rare and informative book now appears for the first time in paperback. xiv, 325 pages.
BB 835 $7.50; Cloth $23.50

At your bookstore, or from

University of Nebraska Press
901 N. 17th Lincoln 68588

Port Gamble

The company town that's still working

by Roger Rapoport

PORT GAMBLE, WASHINGTON—the oldest and best preserved company town in the West—has the curious look of a New England village. Situated on a bluff at the intersection of Admiralty Inlet and Gamble Bay, the community embraces picturesque frame houses, towering elms, and a church with Gothic windows and a needle spire. Children play on thick lawns behind picket fences. Gas is pumped from a clapboard station that looks like the winner of a beautification award, and a wide greenbelt surrounds a giant greenhouse nurturing young firs. Walking about town, it is possible to forget that you are in the West.

This 118-year-old community embodies the history and traditions of the Pope & Talbot lumber firm. But Port Gamble is no mere museum piece. Here live 150 sawmill workers and their families, renting nineteenth-century colonial-revival homes for as little as one hundred dollars a month.

Town founders, Captain William Talbot and Andrew Pope, modeled this outpost in Washington Territory after East Machias, Maine—their hometown. These lumbermen left New England in 1849 to get in early on the gold-rush construction boom. Their San Francisco firm prospered, and it was difficult to keep up with demand for lumber by bringing east-coast timber around the Horn. By 1853 they decided to find a closer source.

That summer Captain Talbot sailed down the Strait of Juan de Fuca, along the coast of the Olympic Peninsula. When his party waded ashore they were astounded to see one-hundred-foot-high, limbless tree trunks. "Timber, timber—till you can't sleep!" was their reaction to the giant Douglas firs that stood "thick as Mississippi canebrakes."

Talbot chose a sandy spit on the edge of sheltered Gamble Bay as the perfect mill site. Klallam Indians living across the bay called the spot *Teekalet*, meaning "brightness of the noonday sun." They agreed to let the white men have the property in exchange for lumber to build modest shacks on their shoreline. A few years later, however, other tribes warred with white settlers over land treaties, and in 1856 an invading tribe arrived by canoe. Two days after the United States warship *Massachusetts* steamed into the bay, the Indians surrendered and headed home. Left behind in the new town cemetery was Gustavus Englebrecht, the first Navy man to die in Pacific action.

By the late 1850s mill production was creating steady employment for the remote region. Some jobs were filled by workers brought in from Seattle, San Francisco, and Maine. Others were taken by Klallam Indians who commuted across the bay in canoes to work twelve-hour shifts. And there were also a number of crewmen who jumped foreign ships, hid out until the coast was clear, and then immediately found employment at Pope & Talbot. With the exception of Indians living in their native village, these early workers were housed in units put up by the firm for a few hundred dollars. Within a few years a Queen Anne villa was added for the resident manager, followed by other fine colonial homes on the main street.

This handsome development was dedicated to the cutting and sawing of timber coming from land grants signed by President Lincoln. At the company's urging, many employees signed up for federal homestead acreage, but lacking the money necessary to settle this property, most of them eventually sold out to Pope & Talbot for small sums. The company was also successful in buying military script issued to civil war veterans. The script was quickly traded in for public land at a bargain basement price of $1.25 per acre.

Each day, workers were paid in silver dollars brought

COURTESY POPE & TALBOT, INC

Operations at the Port Gamble mill were in full swing in this photograph, taken about 1890. With smokestacks puffing and sailing vessels ready for loading at the wharf on Gamble Bay, the mill turned vast supplies of timber into a steady stream of logs. Eager to meet the demand for lumber brought on by the gold-rush construction boom, Captain William Talbot and Andrew Pope established the mill in the early 1850s, choosing a sandy spit of land that the Indians called "brightness of the noonday sun." Indian labor has helped run the mill for generations. Today the mill, owned by Pope & Talbot, Inc., represents the oldest operating sawmill in the United States.

ashore from the mail boat in a wheelbarrow. And each night much of this money ended up in the company till. The little left over from deductions for room, board, and purchases at the general store was frequently spent on billiards, gambling, and drinking at the Puget Hotel. Because the firm offered steady employment and assured the basic necessities, many workers were lackadaisical in running up charges against their paychecks. Often a payless payday was the result.

In the early twentieth century, Pope & Talbot crews logged the eastern shore of Puget Sound. As soon as clear-cutting was finished, the firm subdivided this property into five-acre parcels for Seattle suburbanites. While agents sold commuters on the advantages of growing filberts and raising chickens in these new subdivisions, Port Gamble remained a remote backwoods settlement. With little time or money to journey out of town, residents found all needed services at home. It was possible to get a haircut, have supper, join a dance, see a play, and be embalmed without leaving the community hall.

By the 1920s Pope & Talbot's work force had grown to 600. Business slacked during the depression,

You could get a haircut and meal, see a play, and be embalmed without ever leaving the community hall.

COURTESY POPE & TALBOT, INC

COURTESY POPE & TALBOT, INC

(Top) *Seen here about 1880, Port Gamble's house of worship was modeled after the Congregational Church in East Machias, Maine. After careful reconstruction efforts, the 1870 landmark again wears its original colors of gray paint and white trim.* (Bottom) *This historic dwelling was constructed in 1871 for D. B. Jackson, a captain in command of Port Gamble steamboats. Home to members of the Jackson family until 1955, the house now draws visitors through the picket fence as a feature of the Port Gamble tour.* (Opposite) *An impressive three-log load provides background for a portrait of* (clockwise from top) *Lawrence Webster, Holver Hagen, and Art Brown. This photo was taken about 1923 on company lands that later became the Port Gamble Klallam Reservation.*

but Port Gamble had one of the few Washington mills that never shut down. Every day scores of unemployed from Seattle, Bremerton, Tacoma, and other communities lined up for jobs. Understandably, hiring practices were selective. One 1933 import from the town of Yelm, Washington, was Vern Nystrom. "They needed me to fill a vacancy on their semipro team," says the star third baseman who ended up staying for forty-seven years.

"When I came here I made $9 a week," recalls Nystrom. "It cost $6.75 for room and board. Gloves were 35¢, and a bottle of whiskey was 50¢. Smokers definitely rolled their own. There wasn't much left over at the end of the week. Even after the union came in during the mid-30s, few people retired with much savings. I remember one guy died and turned out to have $7,000 in his company account. No one could believe he'd held on to that much."

There were fringe benefits found in few other jobs. Steam from scrap waste generated electricity for the whole town at no cost to residents. When the company installed porch lights it did not even bother to equip them with switches. The current was so inexpensive there was no need to extinguish these bulbs during the day. And while the houses were poorly insulated, free logs kept every wood stove in town going during the wet winter months.

Only after World War II did Port Gamble's self-sufficiency begin to erode. First, the town hospital closed. Then, children began riding the school bus to the Washington towns of Kingston and Poulsbo. And, as houses deteriorated, residents began moving out to their own places. With federal money for new homes, Klallam families also left Port Gamble for the opposite side of the bay. Consequently, Pope & Talbot began ripping out dilapidated units, and in 1962, after determining that the Puget Hotel needed $50,000 worth of remodeling, the company reluctantly decided to tear down the fifty-two-room landmark.

"Some of us tried to persuade the company to sell or lease the place," remembered Daisy Hirschi, who lived in the Port Gamble area for over seventy years. "It was the most popular gathering place in Kitsap County. The Puget had a wonderful Asian staff. Much of the food came from a farm run by a man who worked the field with a yoke over his neck. It was like a scene out of a Pearl Buck novel."

Bitter over losing this hotel with its antique-crammed rooms and 300-year-old sideboards, descendants of the town's early families began exploring ways to preserve Port Gamble's heritage. They found allies on the Pope & Talbot board. Particularly sympathetic were the wives of two executives, Mrs. Adolphus Andrews, Jr., and Mrs. Guy Pope. Working with the National Trust for Historic Preservation, the Smithsonian, and consultants from Colonial Williamsburg, the company mapped out an ambitious restoration plan.

"Basically," says Charles Peck, assistant to the president, "we went through each building and decided what was salvageable. Some of the more modest cabins had become eyesores. A few residents had even chopped up floors for kindling. We had to tear those hopeless units down." But sixty

COURTESY SUQUAMISH TRIBAL PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVES

COURTESY SUQUAMISH TRIBAL PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVES

Men and animals did the strenuous work of logging the forests around Puget Sound in the days before paved roads and sophisticated machinery. Here a team of strong-backed oxen hauls timber to mill. This intriguing photograph preserves a record of the magnificent trees and conveys the monumental efforts required to fell them. Several lumberjacks take a moment from their work to rest, but we barely discern the men in this sea of shattered timbers and massive stumps.

other units were worth saving. Gradually work crews began restoring these structures, including Washington's oldest continuously occupied residence, the Thompson House, built in 1859. Special attention was devoted to thirty buildings, among them every unit on the main street. Thanks to careful research, original color schemes were restored to some places, like the community church, which over the years had been Congregational, Baptist, Episcopal, and interdenominational.

In 1976 Pope & Talbot capped its restoration project by opening a new museum in the company store's basement. Some old-timers sense a bit of revisionism as they wander past exhibits such as a replica of the cabin (complete with sea sound effects) from the boat that Captain Talbot sailed on his Port Gamble discovery voyage, a Knox tractor restored under Smithsonian supervision, and treasures from the Puget Hotel.

"It was wonderful to see Port Gamble become a national landmark," said Daisy Hirschi. "People should learn about

the kind of life we had. But what's here today doesn't tell the full story. There's no longer a Chinese neighborhood or an Indian neighborhood. The annex for single men is gone. We don't have a baseball team or movie matinees for the swing shift. And since the Puget went down, you can't even get a decent meal. The only hot food you can buy these days in Port Gamble is a microwave hot dog at the company store."

Now an international firm that makes millions from operations in Washington, Oregon, Wisconsin, and Canada, Pope & Talbot has succeeded in restoring the more desirable features of its hometown. Life there today blends the best aspects of corporate omnipotence with workers' needs. The days of in loco parentis are past when employees involved in romantic triangles would be asked to leave. However, the company does remain particular about new tenants. "I had a salaried man that I wanted to hire," says Charles Peck. "He lived 150 miles from here in Chehalis. I stopped off to visit him on a trip to Portland. Just wanted to see how he lived. Had to be sure there were no junk cars in his driveway."

WHILE COMPANY-TOWN LIFE DOES NOT APPEAL to everyone, employees like resident manager Don Harper are enthusiastic about the experience. When Harper arrived in Port Gamble with his wife and small child a few years ago, only the fourteen-room Walker-Ames house was available. "I think most people would enjoy living in a Queen Anne like this at some point in their lives," suggests Harper as he shows off one of five fireplaces in the $105-a-month rental. Upstairs in his bedroom, Harper looks down at the noisy plant. "The whine might bother some people, but I like it. I can sit here late at night listening to the mill and tell how well it's running."

However, many recent arrivals like Harper doubt that they can afford to take advantage of Port Gamble's low rents indefinitely. Many employees, eager to get a foothold in the rapidly escalating housing market, have moved out of company houses and bought homes in nearby towns. Nor is it likely the company will rebuild lost blue-collar housing. A work force that once totaled 600 is now a quarter that size. More and more of the Washington timber production is being shipped to Japan for milling. And a few years ago the company began operating a fourteen-million-dollar computerized mill that uses digital equipment and scanning devices to increase usable log yield. The old generation of lumber edgers, planers, and millwrights is increasingly being replaced by specialized engineers.

"Conceived in necessity, the company town is now more of a convenience and heirloom," says retiree Chuck Hirschi, who left the mill after a fifty-year career. "As a result, people living there today have more money than we did, but I don't think they have as much fun. We invented our own entertainment because people seldom had the time or money to go anywhere else," he explains. "Everyone was proud of their school, baseball team, and hotel. We fished for salmon and trout and hunted for deer and grouse. We used to go deep into the virgin forests, climbing through the swordferns, thinking there couldn't be a prettier place anywhere. And as far as

As we climbed through swordferns deep in the forest, we knew that there wasn't a prettier place.

COURTESY POPE & TALBOT, INC

Taken about 1875, this photograph brings back the exciting days at the Port Gamble wharf when lumber sailed to market on powerful ships with towering masts. Intricately rigged, these vessels wait at a busy dock where stacks of boards and other materials have been readied for loading. Chatting at the center of the scene are two gentlemen with an air of pressing business about them.

COURTESY POPE & TALBOT, INC

Rough-and-ready Port Gamble workers pose beside a log-skid road, used in the 1855 to 1880 period when oxen dragged giant timbers to the mill. Greasing the logs on this narrow track eased the load—always carried on a downhill grade. The mood is quiet in this scene, but we can imagine the cracking of wood, the heavy breathing of the oxen, and the shouts of teamsters urging the animals forward.

---

anyone who lived in Port Gamble in those days is concerned, there will never be another place like it.''

This view is seconded by many former residents who have chosen retirement homes on the edge of town. Some, like Vern Nystrom and former office manager Clarence Halverson, live within a few hundred yards of the Port Gamble boundary. Others, such as Daisy Hirschi and her husband Walt, chose trailers a few miles down the road.

''Leaving when Walt retired was difficult,'' Mrs. Hirschi said. ''After forty-five years of company-town life you don't look forward to going out on your own. Some people have a difficult adjustment when they leave. I think that's why so many of us have remained in the immediate area. We want to make sure they're taking care of our town.''

Nostalgia is the inevitable by-product of Port Gamble's splendid isolation and preservationist spirit. Although time has brought changes to the community, it is impossible to go anywhere without finding connections between generations. Men like Gene DeFord, who came as a toddler when his father Ray hired on in 1927, continue to live and work in Port Gamble today. Gene's next door neighbor is his son Kirk who earns his livelihood in the mill yard. Two doors down in the other direction lives another son who also works at the mill.

Less than a mile away at the dump where truckers drop off their logs, Stanley Tuson, Jr., scales each rig to measure lumber dimensions. His grandfather was an Englishman who jumped ship here in 1890 and hid out for a month, living on food slipped to him by friendly Klallams. After his ship left Puget Sound, the immigrant immediately found work at the mill, and his descendants have worked in Port Gamble ever since.

When Tuson is done with the fir, bundles are swung over into Gamble Bay via a steam shovel driven by another third-generation employee, Russell Fulton. One of many Klallams still working for Pope & Talbot, he remembers the time when his father's generation came to work in dugouts. Canoes gave way to motorboats and cars. And today a new generation, that includes his son-in-law Ben Ives, commutes over from the Little Boston reservation. A boomer, busily preparing wood for its final ride to the mill, Ben can make out much of Port Gamble from his floating vantage point. Except for the occasional presence of yellow submarines used by the Navy for target practice, it is a view that has not changed much in a hundred years.

Roger Rapoport *is the author of the recent book* California Dreaming: The Political Odyssey of Pat and Jerry Brown.

The exciting, rugged and inherent Texas longhorn a legacy of the Great Southwest

A rare opportunity to invest in an exciting new bronze depicting our great Texas heritage.

You are cordially invited to become one of only 150 collectors worldwide, to own this beautiful bronze sculpture by well know artist Terry S. Gilbreth of Snyder, Texas.

Cast by the lost wax method, this special edition is copyrighted, and signed and numbered by the artist. Once all 150 bronzes have been cast, the molds will be destroyed.

The issue price of this limited edition is $2,800.00, including taxes and shipping charges.

The Artist

Born in 1946, Terry S. Gilbreth is the fifth of six children. His father and mother operated a general store in rural Tye, Texas, just outside of Abilene.

The parade of personalities who frequented the Gilbreth's store seemed to heighten the young artist's interest in people. Farmers, ranchers, truck drivers, roughnecks and Mexican migrant workers all served as inspiration. Their individual personalities and their life styles in general became the subject matter for most of Gilbreth's artwork.

After graduating from McMurry College with a degree in Art and History he began a short five year teaching career in Odessa high schools and Odessa Junior College. He left teaching when demand for his work exceeded time available for it.

Warrior Creek Studio and Foundry in Snyder now serves as Gilbreth's base of operation, from which he both creates his artwork and oversees the castings of his bronzes.

Until recently, he served as Director of the Diamond M Foundation Museum of Snyder, which contains one of the finest collections of art in the Southwest.

"Abilene Bound" limited to 150 worldwide / 14" tall by 15" on polished American walnut swivel base.

Guaranteed Repurchase Agreement

J-Bar-D Marketing, Inc. unconditionally guarantees to repurchase your bronze at the issue price of $2,800.00 at any time within one year of your purchase, should you be displeased in any way.

John A. Barnes, President
J-Bar-D Marketing, Inc.
Note: References available on request.

Reservation Form

Please make checks payable to: J-Bar-D Marketing, Inc.
P.O. Box 3301
Abilene, Texas 79604
Phone 915-695-3831

Your bronze will be personally delivered in approximately 4-6 weeks.

Yes, please reserve _____ bronze sculptures of the Texas longhorn.
Enclosed is full payment of $2,800.00 each.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

COURTESY ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

John Sloan paints the West

Art, antics, and adventure in Santa Fe

by George Schriever

ONE FINE SUMMER DAY IN 1919 JOHN AND DOLLY SLOAN arrived in Santa Fe, New Mexico, with Randall and Florence Davey, after a trip of six weeks from New York and opened a new chapter in the artistic careers of both men. Recalling that journey some years later, Sloan wrote:

> By 1919 Davey was getting restless and suggested that we take a long automobile trip that summer. The next thing I knew we were involved in the purchase of an old 1912 chain-drive Simplex racing car, buying fancy camping equipment from Abercrombie and Fitch, and setting out for New Mexico, which Henri [Robert Henri, Sloan's artistic mentor] had recommended as the best climate in the world. It took us six weeks to reach Santa Fe: muddy roads, the difficulty of getting our wives out of comfortable hotel suites (we camped out only two nights in spite of the tents and bathtubs and stoves); and the imminence of Prohibition—these matters delayed us. The special tires we needed for the Simplex finally wore out when we reached Watrous, New Mexico, so we shipped the car to Santa Fe by freight and came the rest of the way by train. Sheldon Parsons took us up Canyon Road in his buckboard, and that day we decided that we loved this place. Randall bought a house that summer and I followed suit the next year. [John Sloan, "Randall Davey," *New Mexico Quarterly,* 21 (Spring 1951): pages 22–23]

After a career in Pennsylvania and New York as a painter, illustrator, etcher, teacher, and organizer, John Sloan (1871–1951) came to New Mexico in middle life, to spend the first of thirty summers there. Sloan had come up the art ladder the hard way, studying at night at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts while working during the day in the art departments of several Philadelphia newspapers. At the Academy he became a disciple of Robert Henri who remained the greatest

Chama Running Red, *oil on canvas by John Sloan, 1925, 30"x40". Photograph by Malcolm Varon*

COURTESY SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Dance at Cochiti Pueblo, New Mexico, *oil on canvas by John Sloan, 1922, 55.8 cm x 76.2 cm*

influence on Sloan's art and philosophy throughout his long career. In 1904 John Sloan moved to New York where he continued to illustrate books and magazines and perfected his etching and painting skills while teaching to help make ends meet.

John Sloan and seven fellow artists achieved instant immortality when they had a group show at the Macbeth Gallery in New York in 1908 and became known as "The Eight." Since that time every book written about twentieth-century American art has mentioned them individually or as a group. The likelihood is that in the future no book will be written on this subject without mention of those artists. Robert Henri was the leader and inspiration of the band that included George Luks, Everett Shinn, Maurice Prendergast, Ernest Lawson, Arthur B. Davies, and William Glackens, as well as Sloan. The group was also known as "The Ashcan School" because of a supposed predeliction to paint scenes of daily life in poor urban quarters.

Sloan and fellow artist Randall Davey were encouraged to visit New Mexico by Robert Henri, who had been an important member of the Santa Fe art colony in the summers of 1916 and 1917 when the art museum was being built. Henri recommended the two men to the museum director, calling Sloan one of his "life-long friends...a man of very great character, a strong and very original artist—painter, etcher, draftsman." Receiving a warm welcome from the museum staff, Davey and Sloan were given studios at the rear of the Governor's Palace, the same ones used earlier by George Bellows and Henri. John Sloan was a prime mover in the American art world of his time, and his arrival in Santa Fe in 1919 was an event that created a stir.

NINETEEN-NINETEEN WAS A GOOD YEAR for Sloan. Among New Mexico pictures, he painted *Under the Portal; Two Girls of Santa Fe; Mother and Daughter; Evening, Santa Fe, Down by the D. and R. Tracks*—all of them verifying his habitual interest in people. From his early days as a newspaper illustrator, Sloan's bent was for human interest. Occasionally he painted landscapes and portrait studies and, almost under duress, would agree to undertake a portrait commission. But his trademark was a sympathetic though slightly ironic representation of his compeers.

John and Dolly boarded with a family named Akers that

One of the neighbors used to climb a tree to have a better look at the parties in John Sloan's garden.

first summer, but in 1920 they bought an adobe house on about two-thirds of an acre at 314 Garcia Street in what had been an orchard of pears, peaches, and quince. (Santa Fe was a small town then, with a population of about seven thousand.) Juanita Anaya, the subject of one of Sloan's early essays in the tempera and glaze technique, worked for them. She is alive and well today and, according to reports, is still a handsome woman. Her brother-in-law, Miguel Mayes, built a two-room addition to the Sloan house in 1921 and eventually added a studio, a garage, and a caretaker's cottage on the grounds. Miguel and his wife, Casimira, moved into the cottage in 1935 and looked after the Sloans until 1942.

The house on Garcia Street still stands and seems to be in good shape. The widow of Chuzo Tamotzu, a Japanese artist who knew Sloan in New York, now lives in the caretaker's house and uses the former studio to display her husband's paintings and graphics. The pear trees are still there and provide Mrs. Tamotzu an abundance of fruit in the fall. The quince are still fragrant, and the Sloans would have no trouble recognizing the spot, were they to return today. The house of the anthropologist Adolph Bandelier (died in 1914) was next door. Later on, the Misses Amelia and Martha White, wealthy Easterners, built a magnificent house farther up Garcia Street and played an important part in the future of the Sloans as well as of Santa Fe.

If Casimira Mayes's memory is correct, John and Dolly had at least one party a week at the Garcia Street place. In spite of the fact that Prohibition was in effect, probably it was about as easy to get liquor in Santa Fe then as it is now. Corn liquor, applejack, and "pure" alcohol were staples in the trade. People who made their own alcohol hoarded apple, orange, grapefruit, and even potato peels to be processed in various Rube Goldberg contraptions that advertised their presence by strong odors or by blowing up. Many of the parties were held in the garden behind the house, and one of the neighbors regularly climbed a tree to have a better look at the goings-on. Participants in the revelry often included the five artistic protégés of Sloan called *Los Cincos Pintores,* affectionately referred to locally as "the five little nuts in the five adobe huts."

John and Dolly threw themselves into the spirit of local celebrations, including the Santa Fe Fiesta, which commemorates the recapture of the town by the Spaniards in 1692, after the Indian revolt of 1680. Following a historical parade, there was a "hysterical parade," with participants dressed in all kinds of fantastic costumes. *The Old-Fashioned Dress* that the young model is wearing in the painting of that name was one that Dolly wore in the historical parade. Tony Rodriguez Gonzales, who was the model, says that she was frightened almost out of her wits when she first went to pose for the famous Anglo artist but that she eventually lost her fear because Dolly reassured her and gave her chocolate and rye bread, which she had never tasted before.

JOHN HELPED BUILD FLOATS FOR THE PROCESSION, working closely with Will Shuster who was a leading light in capers of this kind. Helen Farr, Sloan's second wife, recalls helping John put on a wig and black dress and his being unrecognized in the pageant by his friends. Another time, she helped him get himself up as Lorenzo de Medici.

In keeping with the "hysterical parade," local artists had an exhibition of "old-mistress pieces," to parody the hoopla of the New York World's Fair in 1939. There was a portrait painted by "the master of the stein Peter de Hooch" (Jozef Bakos) and an entry painted by "an early American itinerant artist who passed through Santa Fe at the time of the first fiesta." "Leon R. Dough" was his name, and he titled his chef d'oeuvre, *Mon'l Lease Her.* The Art Committee felt that the similar painting in the Louvre was "only a sickening copy" and the one "discovered" by Sloan was the true original.

There were picnics, too, and trips to surrounding pueblos to see seasonal Indian dances. On one of these, Sloan ruptured himself pushing a car stuck in a dry sandy arroyo, being watched all the while by the poet Edgar Lee Masters who said that the Good Lord gives the power to make only so many pushes in one life, and he wasn't going to expend any of his shoving someone else's car. *Picnic on the Ridge* and many of Sloan's etchings catch the magic of those adventures.

Both John and Dolly became involved with Indian art soon after their arrival in Santa Fe. In 1920, John had the brilliant idea of combining a showing of American Indian painting with the annual exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists in New York, of which he was president. The results were spectacular: critics and public alike recognized the unique quality of American Indian art. The great success of this exhibition led to its being shown on extended tours of the United States and at the Venice Biennial Exposition, where it was applauded as "the most popular exhibit among all the rich and varied displays assembled." Sloan's efforts to bring recognition to Native art led to his election as president of the Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts in 1931.

In 1941 John and Dolly moved into a fine adobe house that they had built a few miles outside of Santa Fe. They called it "Sinagua" (without water), for they did not want to spend the large amount of money required to dig a well. Instead, Sloan designed a tower on each end of the dwelling to house cisterns for the storage of rain water. The cisterns worked well, and Casimira Mayes says that Sloan refused their offer to bring out town water, claiming he preferred the water from the cisterns because it had the taste of tar from the roof.

One of the reasons the Sloans left Santa Fe for the country was that John had become a tourist attraction and was frequently interrupted by admiring visitors who unintentionally wrecked many a morning's or afternoon's work. Sloan was

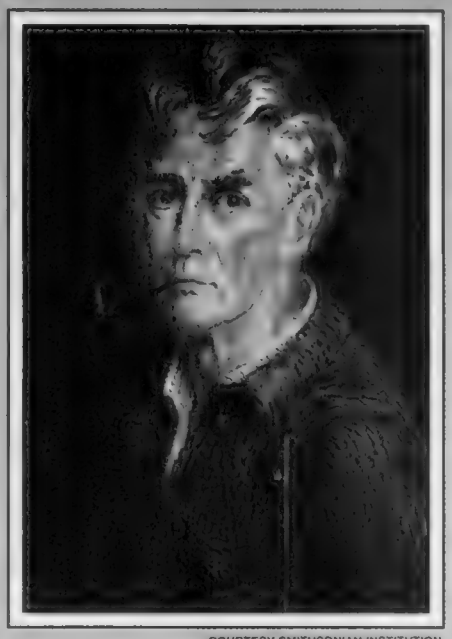
COURTESY SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Sloan wanted time and peace to paint. Sometimes he stayed in his studio for over two weeks without going out.

The Camino, Boys, Girls and Donkeys, *oil on canvas by John Sloan,* 1920–47/48, *66 cm x 81.3 cm*

seventy years old when he moved into Sinagua and, more than anything else, he wanted time and peace to paint. In spite of his wide involvement in public affairs, John Sloan was not a convivial man, preferring close friendships with a few intimates. He was adept at painting crowds but required the quiet of his studio to execute those pictures of the common man—more often, woman. In New York, he sometimes remained in his studio for two or even three weeks without setting foot outside. At Sinagua the Sloans entertained little. Miguel and Casimira Mayes recall only one big party at the new place but remember it as a real bash. After that, invited visitors were few, and casual dropping in was not encouraged. The Sloans' close friends, the Bakoses and Shusters, however, continued to make frequent calls that were always welcome, for they brought supplies from town and logistical as well as social support.

BETWEEN 1922 AND 1941 SLOAN SUFFERED numerous bouts of illness, undergoing a number of operations for intestinal troubles. When he became ill again in 1943, Dolly tried to nurse him, but she suffered a coronary occlusion and



COURTESY SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Self Portrait, *tempera with oil-varnish glazes on panel, 1946, 40.6 cm × 30.5 cm*

John Sloan: Versatile American artist

WHAT APPEARED TO BE repulsively realistic to some people in the early decades of our century is now apt to induce nostalgia for a simpler time when the threat of annihilation, except perhaps as the Last Judgment, was unthought of. John Sloan's paintings and etchings are saved from becoming quaint by their strength, by the remarkable ability of the artist to capture the joy of living, and by his masterful delineation of the human body and spirit. Donald Humphrey, Acting Director of the New Mexico Museum of Fine Arts, sums up the gist of Sloan's work by saying: "The thing about Sloan that comes on strongest to me, is his deep-seated feeling for humanity. You know that he felt an empathy for the nude model who was cold."

Sloan's paintings can be divided into two sharply different styles. His earlier and better-known style is concerned with scenes of daily life, most of them in New York. *The City from Greenwich Village* (National Gallery); *Sunday, Women Drying Their Hair* (Addison Gallery of American Art); the second and better-known version of *The Wake of the Ferry* (Phillips Collection in Washington) are but a few of the masterpieces of his earlier style. Beginning in 1928, Sloan started to experiment with "old-master" techniques that involved the use of tempera paints and oil and varnish glazes, which lightened the color in his work considerably. Although he continued to produce landscapes and genre pieces, he painted an enormous number of nudes and used lines and cross-hatchings similar to those seen in engraving and etching to emphasize the plastic quality and volume of the model from which he worked. This was contrary to his practice when he painted landscapes, for then he worked entirely from memory, not even using photographs.

Sloan refuted the idea that his early work reflected a certain social consciousness. He commented, "When I painted the pictures of New York city life, I saw the life of the poor and the middle-class people with an innocent artist-poet's eye." Sloan claimed that, like Vincent Van Gogh, he "painted for himself with no thought of commercial success." It is remarkable that Sloan was able to live as well as he did on what he earned. By the time he was fifty, he had sold only eight paintings and even though his prints were popular, their sales did not provide means for lavish spending. Of "The Eight," he was probably the last to support himself by his art alone without teaching. His knack for running things and his willingness to undertake hard work for good causes led to his being elected president of the Society of Independent Artists in 1918, and he remained head until the organization's last show in 1944. Sloan was elected president of the Board of Control of the Art Students League in 1931, the same year he served as president of the Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts. In 1944 he was elected president of Santa Fe Painters and Sculptors, and in 1949, president of the New Mexico Alliance of the Arts.

In an appraisal of Sloan's work for the catalogue of a Sloan exhibition held at Dartmouth College in 1952, Robert L. McGrath commented:

> John Sloan is clearly one of the most versatile artists that America has yet produced. Still largely unrecognized as one of our greatest printmakers, he was also a painter of portraits, genre, landscapes, and the female nude.... Sloan's infectious enthusiasm for life was communicated through his art, which for him was to a large extent the expression of life itself.

died, leaving Sloan bereft of his companion and helper of more than forty years. Miss Amelia White arrived like the good fairy in a storybook and, together with a nurse, bundled up Sloan and took him to Santa Fe where he was installed in the Whites' guesthouse and tended with care. Casimira Mayes was one of the good ladies who looked after him.

Helen Farr was associated with Sloan from the time she was his student at the Art Students League and began to take notes on his lectures in 1927, collaborating with him to produce *Gist of Art* (1939), a book of aphorisms and good advice to art students and practitioners. In 1943 when Helen heard that Sloan was ill in Santa Fe, her impulse was to help him, and she traveled from New York on a troop train where the only seat available for her was in the ladies' lavatory. The upshot of her visit was that one February morning in 1944, Sloan telephoned Helen at her boarding house and asked if she would come to the office of a local justice of the peace and marry him. After the ceremony, John and Helen went to

the Whites' place for a "wedding breakfast" of oxtail soup that was on the menu for the household that day. Sloan was lucky in both his marriages. He and Dolly looked after one another devotedly for forty-two years, and Helen Farr was perceptive as well as solicitous. She and Sloan happily painted together for the rest of his life, and it is she who keeps his image glowing brightly.

The summer of 1950 was the last that Sloan spent in New Mexico. His physicians recommended that he avoid high altitudes, and in 1951 he and Helen accepted the often proffered invitation of his cousin John Sloan Dickey, president of Dartmouth College, to come to Hanover, New Hampshire. Sloan loved New Hampshire but still felt involved with events in New Mexico. When he read in the *New Mexican* newspaper that the entries for the Santa Fe art museum's annual exhibition for 1951 would be—hated word—*juried,* he sent the following telegram to Will Shuster:

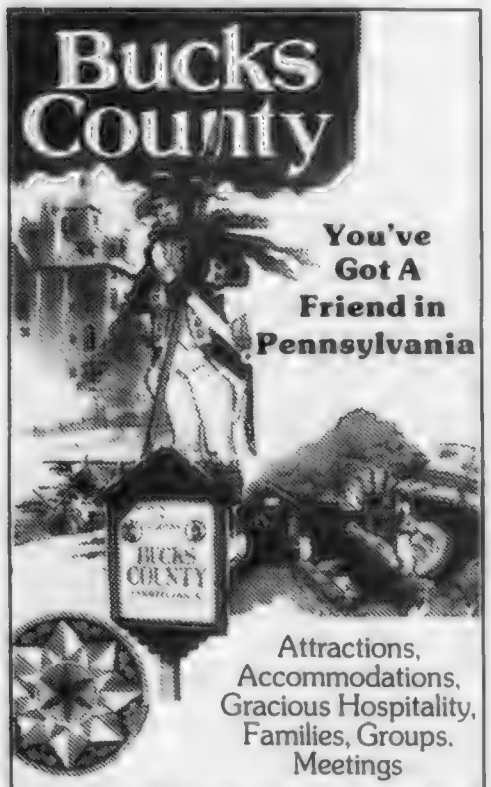
> I have just heard that Santa Fe Art Museum is having its first juried Ex.—STOP. This means there will be no more distinction about the annual Ex. STOP. The famous Open Door Annual of Santa Fe will be no more. STOP. Robert Henri and Edgar Hewitt (sic) will "turn in their graves" muttering—STOP. And now watch the miserable, puny, stinking, pallid efforts to show twentieth class imitations of the current fashions. OH STOP! Surely the Hanging Committee always managed to indicate those works which, in their opinion, were inferior. But all works were hung. "They" probably say, "There is no room—number of artists increases." STOP. Why not hang two or three lines? All great exhibitions in the 80s-and 90s had 3 or 4 lines. They didn't need Interior Decorators to hang exhibitions, which are of course temporary—STOP. The "Open Door" might have let in Publicity, Honesty, Equity. The jury will cause all these to—STOP. I, who am about to be Oper...(ated) Wednesday salute thee with love. John Sloan—Hanover, N.H.

John Sloan might have followed the gladiator's salute more closely and written, "I who am about to die, salute thee." He survived the operation for a small intestinal cancer but died of complications ten days later on September 7, 1951.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The author wishes to acknowledge the kindness of Helen Farr Sloan for providing material for this article. Other sources were: The Archives of American Art in New York City, which has a lot of material about Sloan, including the invaluable collection of letters he wrote to Will Shuster (in microfiche); John Sloan and Helen Farr, *Gist of Art* (1977); Robert L. McGrath, *John Sloan: Paintings. Prints. Drawings* (Hood Museum of Art, Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, 1952); Edna Robertson, *Artists of the Canyons and Caminos* (1976).

George Schriever *is curator of the Anschutz Collection.*



Attractions, Accommodations, Gracious Hospitality, Families, Groups, Meetings

Bucks County
Historical-Tourist Commission
152 Swamp Road
Doylestown, Pa. 18901
Write for free brochure

Name _____

Address _____

Joseph Velazquez

"To paint those old pioneers, an artist has to know all about them — down to the last detail. My paintings of mountain men are technically accurate, if they weren't, the people out there would let me know. You can't fool the public."

Limited Edition
Collector Prints
450 signed & numbered

Reproduced by offset lithography in full-color on 100% rag paper

17" x 21"

"MOUNTAIN MAN"

To order, call 303/770-6839
or, for color brochure write to:

M.C.
VISA
C.O.D.

$150.00
$3.50 handling & shipping
$1.50 for C.O.D. orders

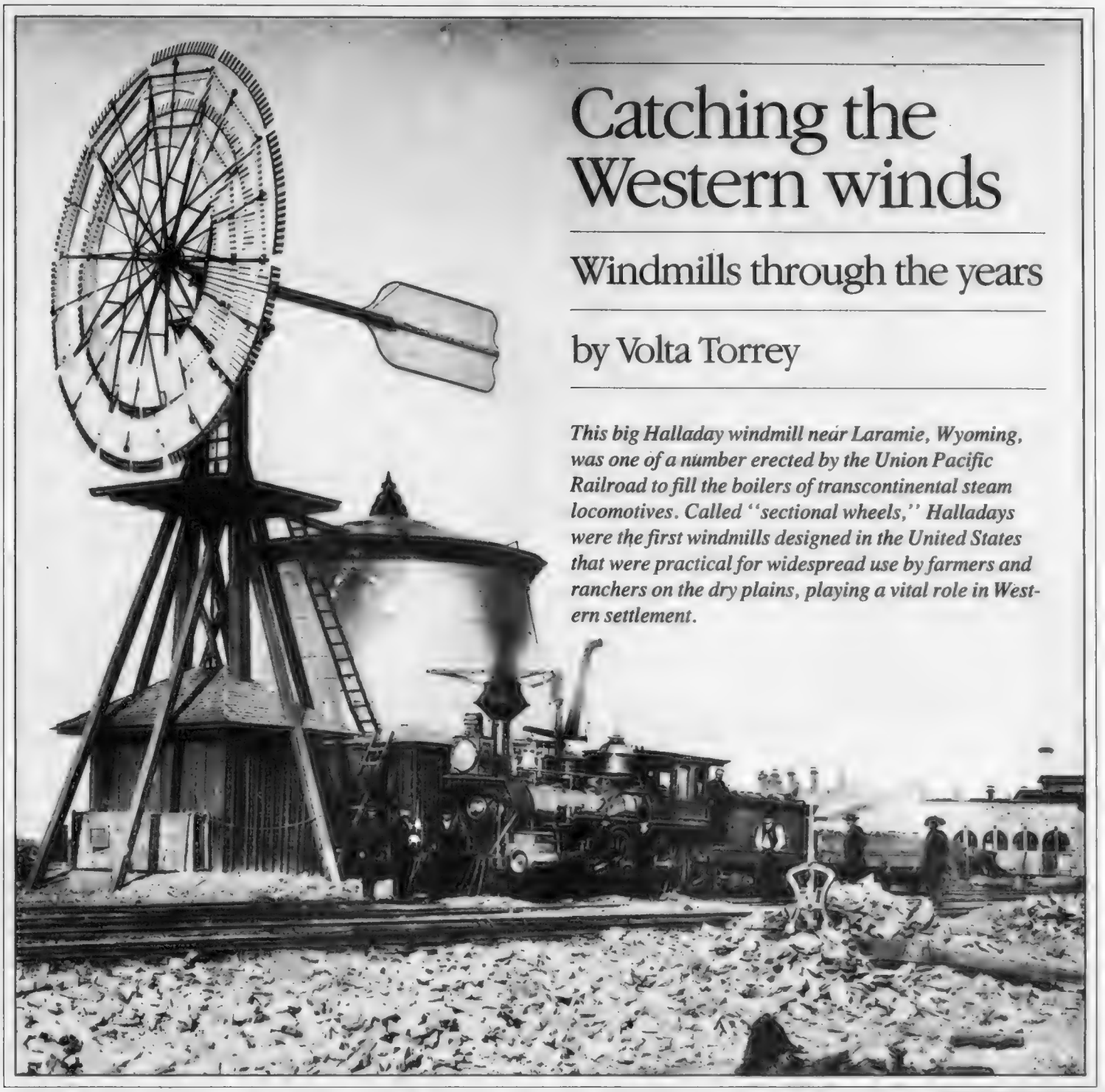
Colo. residents add 3½% sales tax.
Please wait 2 weeks for delivery.
30 day full money-back guarantee.

aesthetic prints, inc.
Building 8-G, 14 Inverness Drive East
Englewood, Colorado 80112

Catching the Western winds

Windmills through the years

by Volta Torrey



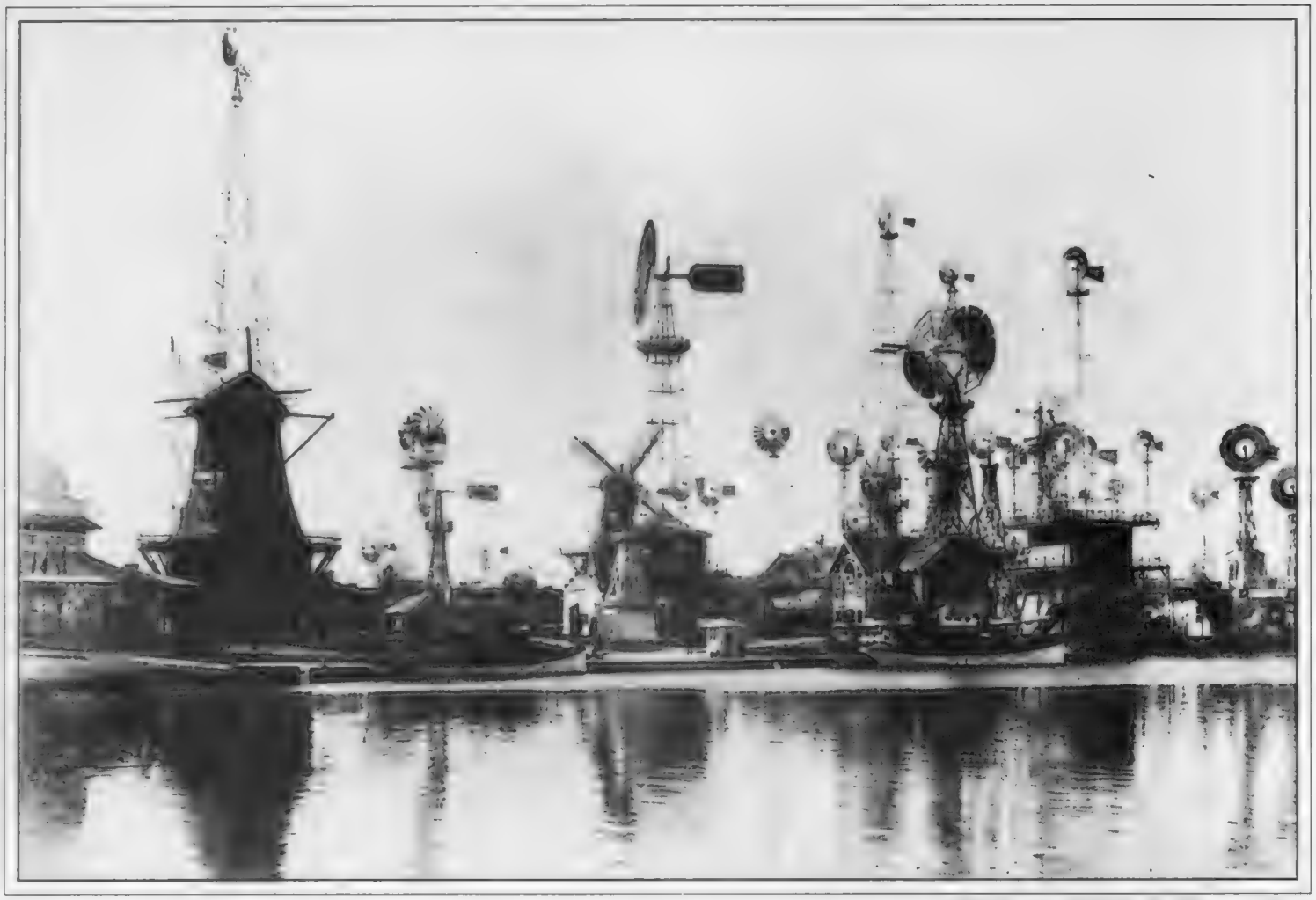
This big Halladay windmill near Laramie, Wyoming, was one of a number erected by the Union Pacific Railroad to fill the boilers of transcontinental steam locomotives. Called "sectional wheels," Halladays were the first windmills designed in the United States that were practical for widespread use by farmers and ranchers on the dry plains, playing a vital role in Western settlement.

COURTESY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

On the great, dry, Western plains a century ago, the biggest armada of windmills ever built pumped well water to sustain people, livestock, gardens, and orchards, and to keep locomotives running. From Texas north through the Dakotas, windmills stood out for miles on the vast, open horizon. Walter Prescott Webb, noted historian of the frontier, wrote that few homesteaders on those plains could have survived without a Colt revolver, barbed wire, and a windmill. Wherever there was a sod house or shack there was likely to be a windmill. Nowhere else in the world had the wind ever encountered so many miles of man-made traps for its abundant energy.

For over a thousand years, man has caught the wind and turned it to his own purposes. The earliest documented use of windmills was in ancient Persia. In the tenth century two Arabian writers reported that they had seen windmills used in Persia to irrigate gardens, but they gave few details. Perhaps the oldest windmills still standing anywhere in the world are in the mountains of Afghanistan. Capturing wind power to turn millstones for grinding grain, those mills had primitive sails that revolved horizontally inside stone towers with sides open to admit wind from any direction. From the arid lands that now yield much of the world's petroleum, windmills spread throughout Europe where they were often employed to drain wetlands. The most powerful European windmills usually had four, long, wide, vertical sails, like the giants Don Quixote fought in Spain.

Similar machines were used in the American colonies to



COURTESY SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION AND STEPHEN GREENE PRESS

At the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, scores of windmill manufacturers exhibited their best (above). *On display were windmills that shelled corn from cobs, ran lathes, and powered sewing machines. Each company claimed its windmill was superior in withstanding strong winds or working in very light ones. Mast, Foos & Company's iron turbine wind engine* (opposite), *with its "scientifically designed buckets" to scoop the wind, proved to be the first commercially successful all-metal windmill. Printed in 1884 to be tacked on the walls of hardware stores, the broadside shown here includes animal troughs, workmen using hoses, and a flowing fountain to demonstrate how well the turbine worked. The side of the farmhouse has been cut away to reveal the kitchen and a bathroom with shower running, each amply supplied with water pumped by the faithful windmill.*

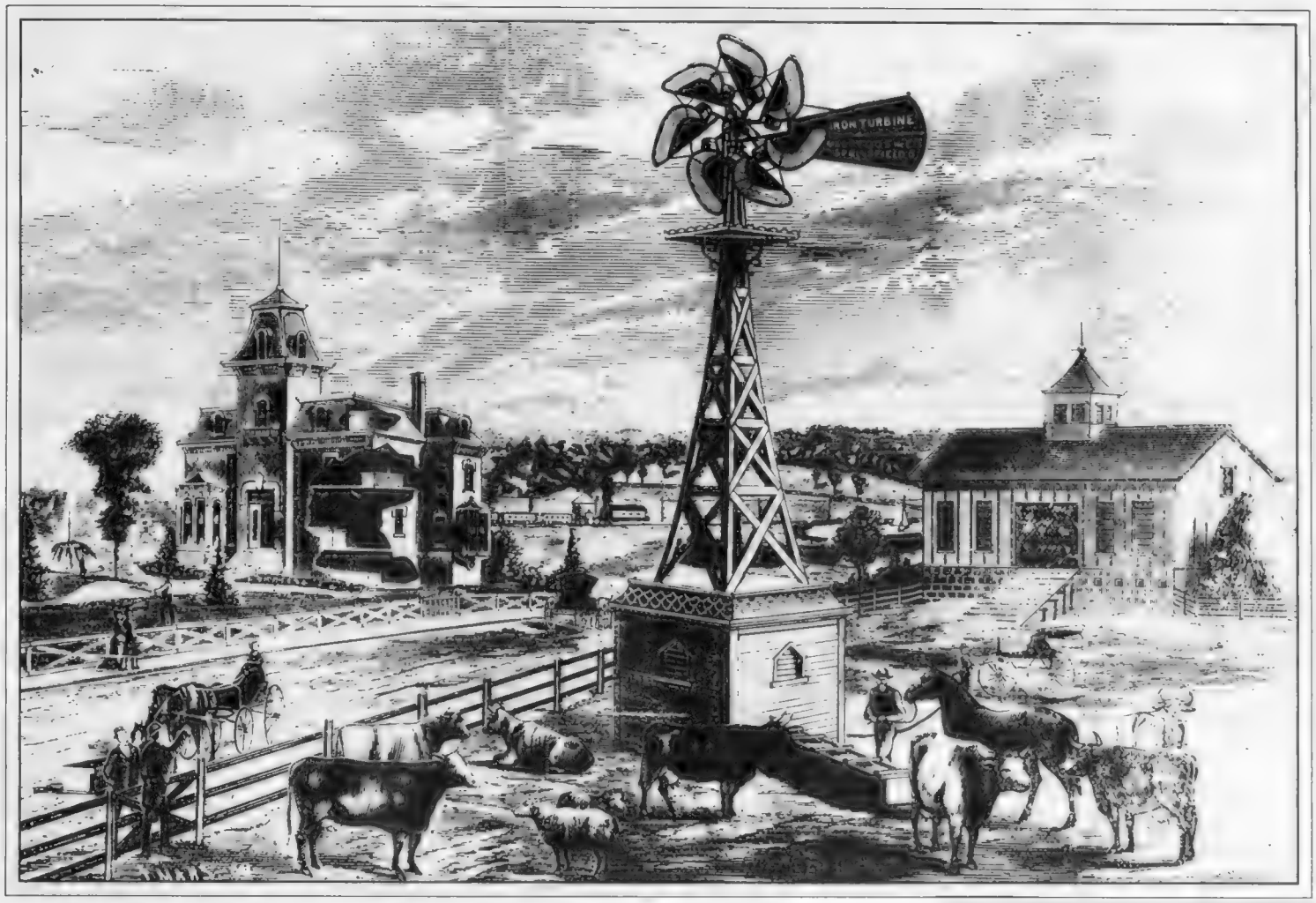
---

grind grain. Fragile and costly to build, these structures could be blown down by a strong wind if their sails were not furled when the wind rose. After the wind abated, the sails had to be let out again like those on a ship. This type of windmill was unsatisfactory for American farmers moving westward on the plains; few pioneers had the skill, time, or money needed to maintain windmill sails to pump water for their homesteads.

In the middle of the nineteenth century a young Connecticut mechanic began experiments that led to the invention of a windmill that proved practical for Western farmers. Daniel Halladay designed a small windmill that could withstand high, stormy winds and that farmers could easily erect. He substituted panels of thin, wooden blades for canvas sails. Hinged on six or eight straight rods radiating from the center of the rotor, the panels fell inward when the wind was gentle to form a nearly flat, whirling disk. When the wind grew stronger, it blew Halladay's panels apart and raced right through as though the wheel were an open basket. Halladay called his invention a "sectional wheel."

John Burnham, a roving "pump doctor," sold a limited number of Halladay's windmills in New England, but most Yankee farmers were too cautious to buy such unfamiliar machines. So, Burnham took off for Chicago, the hub of the railroads' westward thrust. Steam locomotives had to be refilled from large tanks of water at regular intervals along the right-of-way, and Burnham sold seventy giant Halladays to the Union Pacific for the first transcontinental railroad line. Other railroads were soon buying windmills nearly as fast as the sectional wheels could be manufactured.

The Reverend Leonard R. Wheeler, a missionary to the Ojibway Indians, invented a somewhat different, multi-blade windmill that could be made as cheaply as Halladay's. The Eclipse, which he patented in 1867, had a rotor that turned its edge to the wind whenever wind pressure on a small vane at right angles to the rotor became extremely strong. When the wind decreased, a weight pulled the wheel back into place to



COURTESY SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION AND STEPHEN GREENE PRESS

face the breeze. The missionary and his son opened a factory in Beloit, Wisconsin, to build Eclipses.

The Wheelers' Beloit factory was so profitable that dozens of other eager entrepreneurs began to manufacture similar windmills. Forming the weights in different shapes to distinguish their machines from Eclipses, competitors usually claimed that their products were superior in some respect: the works were easier to repair or oil, or they were designed more "scientifically." By 1879 new factories were turning out more than a million dollars worth of multi-blade windmills a year, and the business grew steadily for the next forty years.

ONE OF THE BEST-REMEMBERED WINDMILL factories was in Beatrice, Nebraska, near the Kansas border, where the government opened land for homesteading in the early 1860s. C. B. Dempster started a windmill- and farm-equipment store there in 1878, and later began to manufacture his own brand of windmills. "C.B." drove around on the dirt roads with a wagonful of parts; if he saw a farm without a windmill, he stopped and offered to help put one up right then and there. When times were hard, he often accepted milk, eggs, or almost anything else the farmer had as a down payment. The Dempster Mill Manufacturing Company went on to become a major business concern and—like the Aeromotor Company in Chicago, another leading manufacturer after the turn of the century—sold windmills to customers as far away as Latin America.

If caught in a blinding snowstorm, men often listened for the whine of a windmill to guide them safely home.

Mail-order houses such as Montgomery Ward and Sears, Roebuck and Company sold windmills by mail to be shipped west, F.O.B. Chicago. A farmer might order as small or as large a Sears Kenwood as he could afford and put it together himself with a neighbor's help. The company supplied instructions for choosing a site and erecting the tower. For Westerners who wanted to have running water inside their homes as well as out in the barnyard, Sears recommended its big suburban Kenwood.

Nearly every windmill ever built has sometimes been noisy, and isolated farm wives often complained that an old windmill's rattling drove them half crazy. But the kids found its wooden or metal tower a fine jungle gym, and the clicks and squeaks from a windmill outside a bedroom window could be as reassuring to a small child as a lullaby. Some older people today recall how as children they helped to bring the livestock in and lashed down everything they could when the wind screaming in the windmill's framework warned that a tornado might be coming. If caught in a blinding snow-

Scores of farmers built their own windmills out of scraps of wood and parts from old farm machinery.

storm, men often listened for the whine of a windmill to guide them safely home.

The demands of homesteading in the 1800s made every settler a "do-it-yourselfer" on the Western frontier. Most machines were simpler then, and scores of farmers built their own windmills out of scraps of wood and parts from old wagons and worn-out farm equipment. Some experimented with sails that revolved horizontally instead of vertically. A Nebraska farmer, S. S. Videtto, hung ten tall wooden panels on a light framework for the wind to blow around on a forty-foot circular track. The whole structure was only about twelve feet high, and the track was so close to the ground that the windmill looked like a merry-go-round; small boys probably hopped on it for a free ride from time to time. Yet Videtto's windmill, photographed in 1898, pumped enough water to keep his garden amply irrigated. Other experimenters perched horizontal rotors in cages on rooftops.

The windmill industry's most glorious years came in the first two decades of the twentieth century. Census takers never counted windmills, but some authorities believe that as many as six million wind engines, of one kind or another, pumped water in the Western states in the early 1900s. In Texas, California, and other states where windmills were plentiful, a mechanic could earn a good living by oiling and repairing these machines for owners reluctant to climb frail towers. Hundreds of thousands of those windmills are still running, although comparatively few new ones have been erected since electric power became widely available.

Technological changes during and immediately after World War I shook up the windmill industry. Some farmers returning from the war to still-dark homes found that they could easily draw enough energy from the wind to charge a storage battery and enjoy radio programs by setting up an old airplane propeller on the roof of a house or barn. The wind could spin two or three blades faster than it could the conventional windmill rotor with a dozen or more blades.

As utility companies provided electric power to more and more American farms, the market for windmills dwindled. The Rural Electrification Act passed by Congress in 1935—when no one supposed that fuel would ever become as expensive as it is today—is generally blamed for the demise of the American windmill industry. By the 1970s so few windmills were being made in the United States that some people sent to Australia to purchase them.

Nearly all types of windmills have been so attractive that their admirers have prevented them from fading away. Descendants of immigrants have sponsored reconstructions of Swedish, Dutch, English, and other European types of mills for sentimental reasons. Windmills have been built to adorn

COURTESY ELEANOR ROSSI CRABTREE

parks and to serve as eye-catchers in advertising restaurants and other businesses.

TWO OF THE TALLEST DUTCH-STYLE windmill towers ever built, one seventy-five and another eighty feet high, have stood like sentinels facing the Pacific Ocean since 1905. Hardly anything grew in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park before those windmills began to irrigate it. John McLaren, a Scottish gardener, persuaded the city fathers to erect a windmill while he was park commissioner, and Daniel S. Murphy, a local banker, arranged to have the second one constructed with the help of other proud citizens. Tall trees and luxuriant foliage surround these old mills now, and many people consider Golden Gate Park the most beautiful park in

COURTESY SANDIA NATIONAL LABORATORIES

any American city.

But when the city installed electric motors to pump water for the park's shrubbery, the wings were removed from both windmills, and they fell into sad disrepair. Eleanor Rossi Crabtree, a former mayor's daughter who never forgot how much she enjoyed watching the windmills' sails whirl when she was a child, became the city's "windmill lady" a dozen years ago by leading a campaign that ultimately collected $224,000 in contributions to restore one of the windmills.

Men in the Seabees Naval Reserve Unit at Treasure Island volunteered to do most of the reconstruction work on the windmill, and tragically, one of them, Richard Carroll, fell to his death from its top before the job was done. On November 14, 1981, the four long arms of that old Dutch

(Opposite) *The four large sails on this graceful, Dutch-style windmill are typical of those seen in Europe. One of two built together in San Francisco in 1905, this windmill pumped water that transformed a series of sand dunes into the lush, landscaped beauty of Golden Gate Park. An experimental aerogenerator* (above) *stands momentarily becalmed in the desert sun near Albuquerque, New Mexico. Designed by aircraft engineers, it was built by Sandia National Laboratories.*

COURTESY RANCHING HERITAGE CENTER, TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY

Will the wind be as helpful to Westerners again in the 1990s as it was in the 1890s? That will depend largely on factors such as fuel costs, safety of nuclear power plants, engineers' progress in exploiting other potential sources of electrical energy, and unpredictable political winds.

Every square foot of a refreshing thirteen-mile-an-hour breeze has the equivalent of about ten watts of electricity. But the wind is seldom smooth and steady enough for windmills to convert very much of its kinetic energy into kilowatts. And although recent surveys have shown that some of the wind's energy may be caught profitably across forty percent of the continental United States, engineers consider only about two thousand square miles to be excellent territory for building wind turbines big enough to satisfy utility companies.

National Aeronautics and Space Administration engineers have devised a series of huge wind turbines mounted on high towers, and these turbines are undergoing tests at carefully chosen sites from Puerto Rico to Hawaii. One NASA turbine near Clayton, New Mexico, generated approximately 100,000 kilowatt hours of electricity per month during its testing period.

Several promising sites for large wind-driven generators are located in the Columbia River Valley. An area in the Goodnoe Hills near Goldendale, Washington, has been chosen for testing a group of three new Mod 2 turbines to generate electricity for the Bonneville Power Administration. The flared shell towers of those giants will be 192 feet high, supporting rotors 300 feet in diameter. Each machine's wings will begin to produce electricity in a nine-mile-an-hour breeze and will generate 2.5 megawatts when the wind blows twenty miles an hour. This will be the most costly "wind farm" ever built, and if it is as productive as engineers hope, several more such clusters of giants may be erected.

A research team from Oregon State University in Corvallis flies kites, studies tree growth, and otherwise tests potential sites for building new, large aerogenerators. Trees exposed continuously to strong, prevailing winds become deformed in a growth pattern called "flagging"—the stronger and steadier the wind, the greater the changes in the tree. After meteorologists choose a likely site on the basis of flagging, they use a fifty-cent kite to measure wind speeds. Flown for five minutes at each of several different altitudes, the kite exerts force on a calibrated spring scale to which it is tied at ground level. Utility companies are helping to support this research in the Pacific Northwest.

Horizontal rotors of all kinds are being built and evaluated at the Sandia Laboratories near Albuquerque, New Mexico. The most promising of these machines have thin, bowed blades that look like eggbeaters turned upside down and spin like children's tops in the wind.

A four-megawatt, wind-energy conversion system developed jointly by American and Swedish companies will undergo testing near Medicine Bow, Wyoming. At Rocky Flats, on a plateau near Golden, Colorado (between Denver and Boulder), the Rockwell International Corporation is operating a station to test small wind generators for the Department of Energy.

Most of the windmills in the United States today are on cattle ranches. *The Cattleman* magazine states that out of a total of 200,000 windmills used in livestock production, 40,000 are on Texas ranches. Windmills can be placed at intervals on grazing land so that stock do not have to walk far to reach plentiful water, needed to develop well marbled steaks and the milk necessary to nourish calves.

Dozens of companies are now manufacturing windmills that generate less than one hundred kilowatts for farmers and other individuals who want to produce their own electricity. Improvements in those small machines have not been so dramatic as the changes in the giants, but they may prove to be equally important.

windmill revolved once more, with flags flying between them, when the restored machine was formally dedicated.

Similar but less costly efforts by nostalgic citizens in small communities have saved Halladay, Eclipse, and other once-familiar American windmills. Near Gibbon on Interstate Highway 80 in central Nebraska, travelers can turn into a small roadside park where several kinds of windmills have been set up and are running again. In 1980, the United States Postal Service issued panels of fifteen-cent stamps bearing pictures of historic windmills in five states, such as a Texas windmill pumping water into a railroad tank in 1890. The stamps were first offered for sale at Texas Tech University in Lubbock, where the Ranching Heritage Center displays several restored American windmills in its yard.

But windmills in the West today are not just historic relics. Concern about the environment and the future price of oil prompted the federal government in 1973 to support increased study of the wind and ways to use it. In many areas of the West, gigantic wind turbines designed by aircraft engineers are being tested. Utility company executives who formerly considered the wind a nuisance rather than an asset are now cooperating with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and aircraft builders to develop new, larger aerogenerators. State agencies as well as the federal government are encouraging such ventures. Interest by individuals in home wind generators is also rising once again.

Although the future never looked brighter to wind-energy enthusiasts than it does today, many engineers still doubt that wind-driven power plants will ever produce more than a small percentage of the billions of kilowatts that our grandchildren will probably need. That small amount of power from the wind may nevertheless be as helpful to them in the next century as it was to the homesteaders who went West in prairie schooners.

(Opposite) *The vane mechanism that allows this Eclipse windmill to regulate itself in high winds is silhouetted against an evening sky. Many manufacturers imitated this popular style of windmill after it was patented in 1867 by a Wisconsin minister.*

Volta Torrey *served for five years as editor-in-chief of* Popular Science *magazine. A paperback edition of his book* Wind-Catchers: American Windmills of Yesterday and Tomorrow, *was published in 1981.*

New trail in the Old West

Winter cattle drive tests man and beast

by L. Richard Kitchen
Photographs by the author

NO INDIAN RAIDS, RUSTLERS, OR PRAIRIE FIRES thwarted this South Dakota cattle drive. Nor were the cattle pushed, prodded, or cajoled from central Texas to southern Wyoming in the manner of Goodnight-Loving treks in the 1860s. Absent were the two- or three-thousand head of obstreperous, stubborn, stampede-prone Texas Longhorns. The sun did not sear the brains of the drovers; no choking dust parched the throats of drag riders; there was no lightning or thunder, no swollen Red River to cross.

But this *was* a cattle drive, and it became world famous long before it was finished; that could never be said of a Shawnee, Goodnight-Loving, or Western trail drive. And it took place almost a hundred years after dust from the Chisholm Trail had settled, long after trailing cattle had become as obsolete as buckboards or button shoes. This cattle drive took place in 1962, when cattle normally were hauled to auction-sale rings in "possum-bellied" eighteen-wheelers, grinding their way across concrete interstate trails, the cowboys saddled in air-conditioned, bucket-seat comfort.

This twentieth-century cattle drive was the idea of rancher

Don Hight (then forty-one and a former World War II paratrooper), headquartered near White River, South Dakota. On January 4, 1962, Hight decided to trail 1,800 head of cattle to an auction-sale ring in Winner, South Dakota, a mere seventy miles southeast of his ranch. Main objective—to save trucking expenses; another—to deliver the cows in better condition at the sale ring, and consequently bring higher prices.

The weather outlook seemed favorable. The winter of 1961–62 had been unseasonably mild, and the five-day forecast gave no indication of trouble. South Dakota had seen intermittent cold spells but no brawling banshee blizzards, and that January only patches of snow remained in sheltered areas. True, the Big White River had to be crossed, but that was no problem as it was frozen solid; unlike those cattle drives of the past, there would be no pushing of swimming cattle in the turbulent, death-dealing Red River or flooded Washita, Canadian, or Cimarron rivers. The possibility of stormy weather—the one element that could bring disaster—was not overlooked, merely regarded indulgently. God hates a coward.

No fifty-dollars-a-month-and-keep cowboys worked on this drive. Neighboring ranchers volunteered their proficiency, helping trail the cattle after their own work was finished. A few fed stock on their ranches every other day; on slack days they joined the trail drive before sunrise and stayed until "the last dog died." After feeding and watering the cattle at night in any fenced pasture large enough to hold them, the volunteer cowboys returned to their ranches for evening meals and their own beds. There was no nighthawking the herd: the cattle were travel weary, and there was not sufficient room or reason for a stampede. No rising rivers or rustlers.

The 1961 GMC pickup "chuck wagon" was capably driven

Four "green broke" horses driven by Lester Ham strain forward in the brutal cold, as lines of weary cattle file behind. A windchill factor of eighty-seven degrees below zero made progress difficult on this slippery county road, marked by an occasional mail box on the frozen prairie.

by Hight's wife, Adeline. With eight-year-old daughter, Cheryl Jo, she bounded across dirt roads and crisscrossed stubble fields to distribute slab-sided roast beef sandwiches, fried chicken, apple pie, cake, and gallons of hot coffee. Unerringly, the "chuck wagon" caught up with cows and cowboys around noon every day. "We never knew for sure where they would be," Adeline says, "and on those back roads and open fields, no one was around to tell us 'They went thataway.' So, we kept driving until we found them."

Leading the herd on Day One (January 4), and for the remainder of the seventy-mile odyssey across rolling plains of Mellette and Tripp counties, was the "Judas" wagon, pulled by a double team of horses and driven by Lester Ham. "They weren't a double team, really," Lester remembers, "just four horses put together, as green broke as I've ever seen. They couldn't pull that hay wagon fast enough to scatter their own road apples, but they were worth a million dollars before that nightmare ended!"

Hay from the wagon was spread over slippery Big White River ice on that first morning, and the 1,800 head of Hereford cows docilely followed the wagon out of the river bottom. Several days later, a photograph of that river crossing on national television news brought an explosion of publicity. "All hell broke loose then," Hight remarks, as he recalls the surge of attention, "and I had thought all along it would be a quiet little trail drive to Winner." Nothing out of the ordinary happened the first day, or the second, but the evening of the third day, when disaster threatened Hight's entire herd, the whole nation listened, then the world. Here was a man in deep trouble, and everyone became interested.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE DRIVE, the cattle moved steadily, casually, across prairie and plowed, winter-wheat fields in sunshine and comfortable, windless, twenty-five-degree temperatures, sometimes stretching out over three miles—an undulating sea of beef. The point of no return was reached at the end of that portentous Day Three when a slow mist started falling. Too late then for turning back, and the worst had not even begun. An hour after the

En route to auction in Winner, South Dakota, a herd of 1,800 Herefords pours over the snowy landscape, drawn by hay in the "Judas" wagon. Barely visible at the crest of the hill are two flank-riders, keeping the animals on course. Cowboys suffered more than the cattle in the blizzard temperatures.

mist appeared, light snow swirled threateningly as the herd was watered, fed concentrated cottonseed cake and baled alfalfa, and then left to settle down for the night.

Pickup trucks hauled the cowboys to Winner for motel rooms, steak dinners, and—inevitable for tired and thirsty trail drivers—a riotous night on the town. Through the night of lusty hooping and hollering at the Peacock and Pheasant lounges, the drovers listened apprehensively to repeated weather forecasts from pub televisions and motel room radios: "heavy snows, high winds, drastically falling temperatures." This time the forecasters were one hundred percent correct. By midnight the wind had reached peaks of forty miles per hour down the almost deserted Winner streets, temperatures had dropped to below zero readings, and all roads were hunchbacked with drifting snow.

Hight's first concern was whether trucks hauling feed would be able to reach the isolated areas where cattle were held for the night. All available water sources would be frozen solid by morning. "It was sure time to look at the old hole card that night, and too late to do anything but keep movin' east," he remembers. "If we had turned back, we'd only been heading into that blizzard and, hell, we'd have been in worse trouble then. It looked pretty much like a busted flush to me."

Before daybreak the next morning, the cowboys hurried from warm motel beds, dressed in everything they had with them, borrowing warmer clothes wherever they could, and headed for their horses and the 1,800 head of sorry-looking cattle. Hight's ten-year-old son Dan, who as horse wrangler for the entire drive had to keep some twenty horses headed in the right direction and away from the cattle, rounded up his *remuda* on that below-zero morning and started across the frozen prairie. The cowboys were right behind, pushing the snow-caked cattle through drifts and blinding snow. A few of the drovers still wore their Western hats (no ear flaps), and some were without gloves. "Most of us were wrapped in heavy hangovers," Smokey Jenson told friends later, "and it sort of helped keep our minds off the God-awful cold. But in weather like that, it doesn't take long to clear a man's head!"

To save expenses and improve his herd's condition, rancher Don Hight decided to trail-drive his cattle the seventy miles to auction rather than trucking them. By the time the season's worst weather hit, Hight and his cowhands and his cattle were at the point of no return.

Ranchers who had spent the night in their own beds were clear eyed and better prepared for the adverse weather. They brought extra winter clothes for riders not expecting to meet the season's first blizzard.

The snow had begun falling hard when the Associated Press obtained that photo taken the first day showing cattle crossing the Big White. By freak coincidence, that picture was picked at random and shown during a nationally broadcast television show. Immediately, the country's attention focused on the Don Hight cattle drive. Newspapers, wire services, radio and television stations sent staffers to follow the drive. Telephone calls flooded the little towns of White River and Winner; unable to fly into either town (visibility of fifty feet on dirt runways), reporters and photographers begged rides in anything navigable to catch up with the slow-moving herd, now almost invisible in the blizzard.

Many cameras froze. Small thirty-five millimeter cameras, dangling from neck straps and snuggled against cameramen's skin, functioned sluggishly in the ravaging cold and blowing snow. Cheeks, chins, and noses froze, and at times cowboys walked beside their horses for shelter against the wind and to warm numb legs and feet. The cattle—in good physical shape before the drive, well fed and watered each evening—fared much better. However, they balked at ice-covered wooden bridges along deserted county roads, and hay from the "Judas" wagon had to be pitched repeatedly over the ice. Lester's four-horse team broke trails for the hesitant, blizzard-wary cattle by plowing through hip-deep snowdrifts and hidden, snow-filled ditches.

ALTHOUGH THE SNOW STOPPED BY SUNDAY MORNING (Day Five), winds of fifty miles per hour lowered visibility to almost nil, and temperatures dropped to fifteen degrees below zero. At daybreak, before the cattle reluctantly left their bed-ground to head east again, cowboys pulled on longjohns, then two pairs of trousers and leather chaps. They donned flannel shirts under their leather vests, under lined Levi jackets, under heavy, hooded parkas. Scotch caps with ear flaps replaced Western hats, and mittens covered gloves. "For sure it was cold," Don Strain recalls. "I remember my hands felt like stubs ending at my wrists. And my feet, even in boot overshoes and heavy wool socks, were like clumps of something that shouldn't have been in the stirrups with me, the owner. Yeh, it did get chilly those last two days."

Adeline Hight fought the bitter weather in her "chuck wagon" pickup, and even during the worst of the blizzard, no cowboy went hungry. Don Bryan, advance man for the closely following herd, rode his horse Buck across deep snowdrifts to open gates from one field to the next or to let fences down in a corner, saving a mile or two in the remaining distance to Winner. "If we could save even a few hundred yards, it was worth it in bastard weather like that," Bryan says.

Cattle refused to plow through snow-filled ditches until the hay wagon cut a trail for hesitant leaders to follow. The grueling journey to the sale barn lasted five long days, but men and animals survived the biting cold and hazardous terrain. Not a single cow was lost.

Ken Riley / "*Shadows*" 25x48 Oil

WESTERN HERITAGE SALE '83

May 13-14, 1983
at the Shamrock Hilton
Houston, Texas

For more information call or write:

Joe Marchman
WESTERN HERITAGE SALE
1416 Avenue K / Plano, Texas 75074 / 214 423-1500

Late on the afternoon of that fifth day, the cattle and a dozen very cold cowboys crossed U.S. Highway 183, cheered on by hundreds of well-wishing ranchers, townspeople, television and newspaper reporters, and out-of-state spectators waiting to witness personally what they had been hearing, seeing, and reading about. Some folks lining the highway not only shouted encouragement, but walked beside the cowboys with jugs of coffee or something a little stronger "just to take the chill off." The weary, weather-beaten cattle and cowboys still had an interminable seventeen miles to travel, in gusts that brought the windchill factor at times to an agonizing minus eighty-seven degrees.

In spite of the bone-chilling weather, the herd traveled fourteen hours that fifth and final day, blowing-snow growing thicker with each mile on the bodies of cattle, horses, and cowboys. As the herd drew nearer to the catch pens in Winner, lights could be seen as a faint golden blur between bursts of swirling snow. The sale barn's lights at the edge of town inspired men and animals to move one exhausted foot after another.

Late on January 8 an inaudible international sigh of relief went up as the cattle entered Winner, and Don Hight and his half-frozen drovers rode into the sale barn. Following Hight were son Dan, brother Ray, Lester Ham and his team, Don Bryan, Smokey Jensen, Don Strain, Earl Sever, Chic Abourezk, and Alvin Stromer. High-school-age brothers Willard and Dennis Hurst, who had helped after the blizzard hit, came last.

Congratulatory letters and telegrams for Don Hight poured in from across the nation and around the world. Messages arrived from Tokyo, Stockholm, Mexico City, Rio de Janeiro, and hundreds of other cities. Empty boot boxes in the Hight home were quickly filled with letters from ranchers, retired cowboys, doctors, lawyers, teachers, and cowboy-idolizing school children. One letter came from a lady who thought Hight might have put some kind of inexpensive "bootie" on 7,200 hooves of the herd "in all that cold and snow."

Typical of legendary cowboys or of riders on the Shawnee, Chisholm, and Goodnight-Loving trail drives, Hight's drovers had overcome horrendous odds. The drive was a success. No cattle were lost; frostbitten cowboys ignored their blistering, peeling faces; and a few days later, after the sale, Hight pocketed the largest check ever written at the Winner sale barn: $353,549.

True, not the longest cattle drive—certainly not the hottest. They had crossed only one river, frozen; encountered none of the traditional, century-old hazards of moving cattle from point A to point B. However, it was a cattle drive, on a new trail. "Looking back, it seems like something that happened to another rancher, his nightmare, not mine," Hight remarked later. "I doubt if any of us will ever forget it." Probably not. The experience will undoubtedly burn like a brand in the memory of cowboys who were there.

Writer and photographer **L. Richard Kitchen** *lives in the Black Hills. He has been an editor of* Dakota West *magazine as well as a diplomatic courier for the United States.*

First print release
by acclaimed Southwest artist Lucille Martin

San Xavier of Yesteryear

Image size: 22" x 18"

Limited edition
750 S/N
$100 (shipping included)

Dealer inquiries invited:

Studio:
5901 E. 3rd. St.
Tucson, Arizona
85711

AMERICAN WEST
is sponsored by the
WESTERN HISTORY
ASSOCIATION

President
Francis Paul Prucha, S.J.
Marquette University, Milwaukee

Executive Secretary
William D. Rowley
University of Nevada, Reno

Council Members
Judith Austin, Idaho Historical Society; W. David Baird, Oklahoma State University; Vernon Carstensen, University of Washington; Harry L. Deupree, Oklahoma City; Gene M. Gressley, University of Wyoming; Martin Ridge, Huntington Library; Dwight L. Smith, Miami University; Mary Lee Spence, University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign

Sponsoring Members: American Bibliographical Center—Clio Press; Amon Carter Museum of Western Art; University of Arizona; Arizona Historical Foundation; Arizona Historical Society; Arizona State Library, Archives and Public Records; Arizona State University; University of Arkansas; The Bancroft Library; Baylor University; Brigham Young University; Buffalo Bill Historical Center; Center for Western Studies, Joslyn Art Museum—Omaha; University of Colorado; University of Southern Colorado; Colorado Historical Society; Colorado State University; University of Denver; Denver Public Library; Eugene Public Library; Fort Hays State University; Fort Lewis College; Kansas State Historical Society; Kansas State University; Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History; University of Maryland, College Park; University of Southern Mississippi; University of Missouri System; Montana Historical Society; University of Montana; Montana State University; Western Montana College; University of Nebraska; Nebraska State Historical Society; University of Nevada, Reno; University of New Mexico; New Mexico State University; University of Oklahoma; Oklahoma Historical Society; Oklahoma State University; University of the Pacific; Pacific Lutheran University; Prorodeo Hall of Champions & Museum of the American Cowboy; Saint Louis University; San Diego Westerners; State Capitol Museum, Olympia, Washington; East Tennessee State University; University of Texas, Arlington; Texas A&M University; Texas Christian University; Texas Tech University; University of Toledo; *True West-Old West* Magazine; United States Air Force Academy; University of Utah; Utah State University; University of Washington; Washington State University; Western Museum of Mining & Industry; University of Wyoming; Eastern Wyoming College; Westerners International.

Index to Advertisers

Aesthetic Prints, Inc. 44
American Legacy Gallery 17
American West Trader 62, 9
Bob Miller 19
Boyd Perry Collectables 17
Bucks County 44
Butterfield's 9
Casa Dolores Art Gallery 60
Curtis Collection, The 17
7 D Guest Ranch 12
De Colores Art Gallery 60
Dude Rancher's Association 16
E. Cokendolpher 62
Eagle Art Gallery, Inc. 60
Edward S. Curtis Gallery 19
Eques Art 13
Española Valley 9
Gilcrease Museum 10
Historic Providence Mint, The 5
Indian-Artifact Magazine 15
International Bookfinders, Inc. 9
J-Bar-D Marketing, Inc. 37
Las Cruces 15
Lucille Martin 58
Makk 2
Mammen Gallery II 60
Matthews Classic Bronze 21
Max Lang 16
Montana 4
Old West Trail Foundation 15
Parkcrest Gallery 11
Post Oak Fine Art 59
Prairie Edge 12
Quail Hollow Galleries C2
Red River 16
Redington Ranch C3
Seabourn Studio 63
Southwest Safaris 11
Taos Art Gallery, Inc. 60
Toh-Atin C4
Tucson Festival Society 6
University of Nebraska Press 29
Valhalla Gallery 60
Vantage Press, Inc. 19
Walter J. Black, Inc. 7
Western Art Association 12
Western Heritage Sale 57
Wooden Bird, The 18
Wyoming 1

JASPER D'AMBROSI

"HIS MAJESTY"
Bronze: Ed. 30 Length 20"

Casting by ARIZONA BRONZE FOUNDRY, 1820 East Third Street, Tempe, AZ 85282 (602) 968-4011

THEIR VISION AND THE ECHO OF HIS HERD

MAMMEN GALLERY II
4151 N. Marshall Way at 3rd Ave.
Scottsdale, Arizona 85251
(602) 949-5311

TAOS ART GALLERY, INC.
E. Kit Carson Rd. P.O. Box 1007
Taos, New Mexico 87571
(505) 758-2475

EAGLE ART GALLERY, INC.
1250 Prospect Street, Suite A-20
La Jolla, California 92037
(714) 454-9995 (714) 454-8972

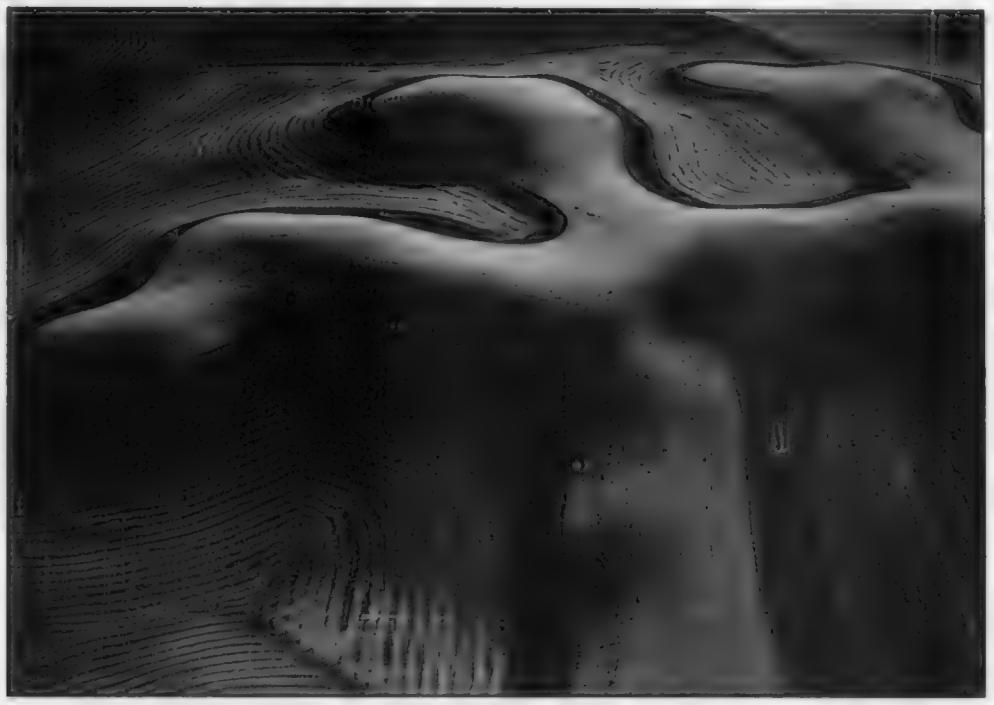
CASA DOLORES ART GALLERY
Carmel Plaza Box 6255
Carmel-By-The-Sea, CA 93921
(408) 624-3438

DE COLORES ART GALLERY
2817 East Third Avenue
Denver, Colorado 80206
(303) 388-1621

VALHALLA GALLERY
5640 East Central
Wichita, Kansas 672
(316) 683-1131

The Extraordinary Landscape

Reviewed by Philip Hyde



A wheatfield at sunrise, *north of Pullman, in southeastern Washington, July, 1977. Photo by William Garnett from* The Extraordinary Landscape.

The Extraordinary Landscape: Aerial Photographs of America *by William Garnett, intro. by Ansel Adams (A New York Graphic Society Book/Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1982; 183 pp., maps, notes, cloth $60.00).*

The astronauts gave us the first picture of Earth from distant space—Earth in its colorful, round fullness, as if to confirm poet Robinson Jeffers's line: "It is only a little planet, but how beautiful it is."

Photographer-flyer William Garnett gives us a more intimate view of Earth's extraordinary beauty. In his Preface, Garnett tells us: "My principal interest is in natural beauty—the spectacular vistas, as well as the interesting combinations of color and line that can be found in all parts of the country but are sometimes only visible from an aerial vantage point." How this different perspective delights as well as reveals! When travelling by foot, car, or boat, this writer has often regretted that his glimpses of Earth from the air have been too infrequent. Taking to the air with my camera was an impossible dream for me, but there is comfort in knowing that someone is doing it so well. Following the reproductions of Garnett's photographs, there are notes on the individual pictures that add more tantalizing glimpses of the world of the photographer-flyer.

I first met Bill Garnett at a wilderness conference in the 1950s. Our paths have not crossed often enough since then, but when they did, it could result in an all-night talkfest. Some years ago I shared a week's workshop in Yosemite with Garnett. The best part was after the night sessions with students when we would adjourn to the Lodge patio to talk. He has a lot to say in words, and even more in pictures, as this book amply demonstrates. But he touches only lightly in his Preface on the incredible skill, timing, and coordination required in three dimensions to use an airplane as a camera platform. Having struggled with the logistics in two dimensions, I am a bit awed by his skill.

As one turns the pages of the book travelling through them to the East, South, Midwest, Southwest, Northwest, and Alaska, he comes too soon to the last page. For me, the climax is in the photographs of the bare, colorful sediments of the Southwest, whose grander forms, only hinted at from the surface, are more fully revealed from the air. Many of the photographs have a wonderful quality of wildness, partly because the distance from the ground obscures so much of the human garbage glaringly apparent on the surface. "Sandstorm, Holbrook, Arizona" on page 85 illustrates this airy aloofness. If you were travelling on the surface here, you would probably be on U.S. 66, the main highway across northern Arizona, in a corridor lined with billboards, tacky buildings, and all the flotsam of "civilization."

The design of the book has one small defect: the ability of some images to retain sufficient detail in enlarged reproductions has been stretched too far. This is particularly noticeable in the two-page spreads.

Many of Garnett's pictures are vertical or sharply oblique views, emphasizing patterns on the ground. Some, with the camera at or near horizontal, convey a floating feeling—the exhilaration of being between Earth and sky, as in "Tehachapi Mountains, California" on page 152. There is a collection of plowed fields that brings out a variety of striking form and design. The images of the edge of the sea, with their wonderful, subtle sand patterns are especially beautiful and delicate. There are distant views of great mountains, and closeups of trees, kelp, erosion forms. Many of the photographs were made in winter when snow added contrast and sharpened the delineation of

The eagle pendant

Pendant shown above is slightly larger than actual size.

The standing liberty-type flying eagle quarter, designed by Hermon A. MacNeil, was produced in three U.S. Mints from 1916 to 1930.

Now these genuine U. S. .900 silver collectors' coins have been handcrafted into a beautiful piece of jewelry. To create the pendant, Arizona artist Mike Aufschneider has skillfully cut around the eagle impression on the quarter and then plated all but the "America" with 24kt gold. Each pendant comes attractively gift-boxed for $29.50 (price includes postage).

Shown with the flying eagle quarter is an optional 18" 14kt gold-filled chain; available with any pendant order for only $9.95.

Order today. Quantities are limited.

Make checks or money orders payable to:

AMERICAN WEST TRADER
P.O. BOX 31325
TUCSON, AZ 85751

Arizona residents add 6% sales tax. MasterCard and Visa accepted. Be sure to include your credit card number and expiration date with each order.

E. Cokendolpher

Studio
1200 Clover Drive
Burkburnett, Texas 76354
(817) 569-1193

Shipping per order · $3.00
Catalog available

Maybe Next Year
200 s/n Reproductions

Mailed Size 11 × 14
$20.00

forms, as in "Detail of Eroded Buttes" on page 67. Images of the vibrant color of Fall in New England contrast with softly lit cloudscapes, as in "Hatfield, Massachusetts" on page 8.

But, it is not my intention to single out special pictures from this visual feast. They are all extraordinary. This brings me to another statement of Garnett's I want to emphasize: "Some of the colors, forms, textures:... may seem extraordinary. If so, they are not the result of filters or photographic manipulation. The photographs are as true a representation as it is possible for me to achieve." One reason this needs to be said is that everyone sees in color and so believes himself an expert on how colors should appear. If the colors are unfamiliar, he may blame it on the infidelity of the photographer, or on "the limitations of color film," to use a phrase of Ansel Adams's in his Introduction.

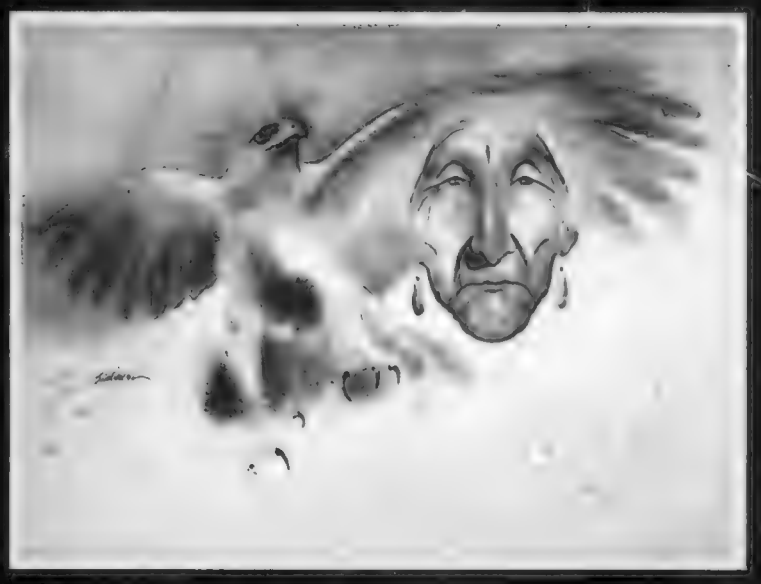
Appreciating color photographs demands something extra of the viewer. He must set aside his lifelong experience as a color expert when he encounters something unfamiliar to try to accept the vision of the artist. Experiencing color in photographs is still somewhat new to many. Nature's rich palette of colors as seen in photographs is only partially appreciated, as yet. The viewer's judgement of it cannot be based on so self-contradictory a concept as the "objective reality of the subject." The study of matter on the cutting-edge of physics has transcended old concepts based on sensory perception. What the physicists are suggesting is that nothing is quite what it may appear to be to the senses.

The wonder of Garnett's photographs is that they show us something that expresses the miraculous subjectivity of a seeing individual. The viewer may rejoice if it is something he has not already seen!

Technology has given us the miracle of color—in film, print materials, and chemistry, and in reproduction processes. May this expansion of our vision—this fuller view of Earth, and "how beautiful it is"—help us to find answers to the increasingly vital question: can technology continue to improve the quality of life on planet Earth without incapacitating Earth's ability to support that life?

Noted for his conservation photography, **Philip Hyde** *worked for many years in black-and-white, but has more recently concentrated on color. His work has been published in many books, notably* Island in Time, Navajo Wildlands, *and* Slickrock. *He has recently issued a portfolio of twelve, artist-made, dye-transfer, color prints of photographs of the Southwest.*

"HAWK SHIELD", 17½" × 25", signed and numbered in an edition of 1,000. $40



"CHEROKEE MEDICINE MAN" poster (above)
Resigned in pencil, 23½" × 26½", $25

"EAGLE MEDICINE" poster (left)
Resigned in pencil, 32" × 23½", $25

Order from...

seabourn studio

6105 Covington Lane
Oklahoma City, OK 73132
(405) 722-1631

Please add $7.00 for shipping on one or more prints.
Each print is shrink wrapped and mailed flat via UPS

Western Snapshots

"He was well known as a dentist who would always do the work," Jeannette M. Stewart of Arlington, Texas, tells us of her grandfather Dr. Frank Douglas Mann, photographed here in his Saint Louis, Missouri, office about 1900. The scene of this dental exam differs dramatically from the gleaming white, antiseptic environment of most modern dentists. Smartly dressed in a plaid jacket and pin-striped pants, Dr. Mann tends his patient amid handsome wood furnishings and a cluttered array of books and mementos. Lending an amusing touch to the doctor's waiting area is the gaping jaw of some toothy animal, which presents a double menace by its reflection in the mirror. This curiosity and the small bust of a man were gifts, Mrs. Stewart tells us. Her grandfather, a graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, "accepted as payment whatever the patients had to offer."

Adding to the old-fashioned charm of these working quarters are panels of patterned wallpaper, a tall cabinet for instruments and medicines, and a dental chair supported by claw feet. Patients waiting to see Dr. Mann could browse through reading materials or warm themselves by the cast-iron stove. This outer room also appears to be the doctor's study, for we see his collection of reference works, including the *History of Physiology*. The intriguing details of this Western snapshot enable us to imagine a visit to the dentist at the turn of the century.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western snapshot is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs which tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited: so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

PURE WEST

The West. There was a time when those words promised a better life. They promised room to breathe, away from the noise and hustle of the city. They promised a magnificent land where your life was your own.

They still do.

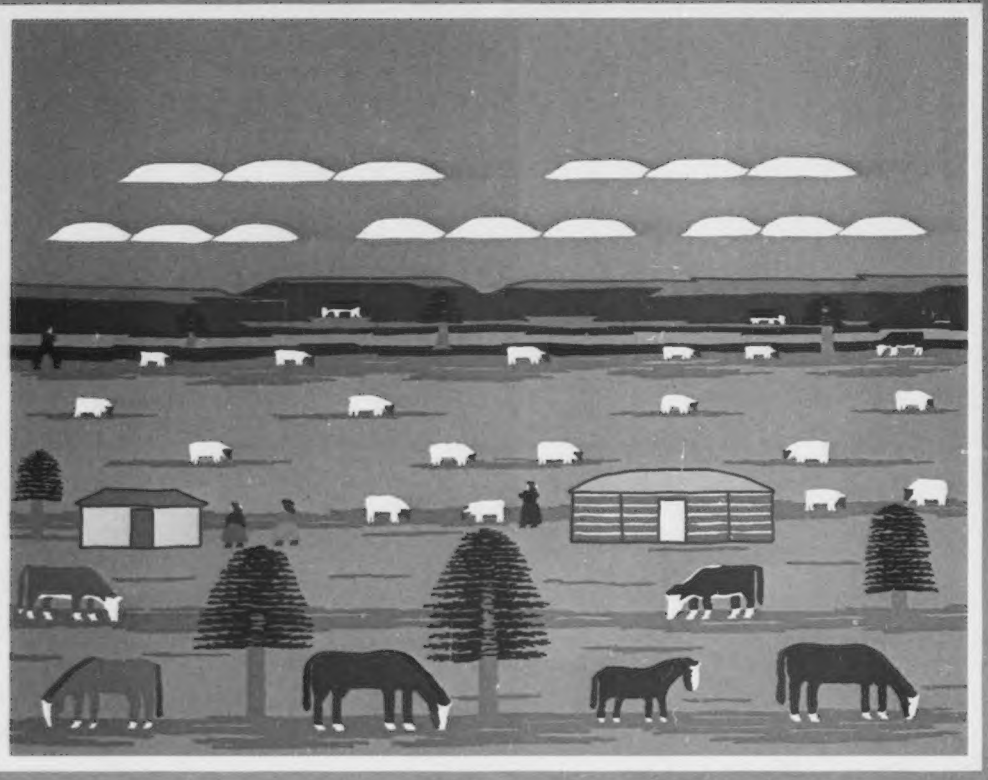
In Redington Ranch, the West lives again.

Write to us for more information about this luxury western community, or call (602) 749-2814.

REDINGTON★RANCH

6417 East Grant Road Tucson, Arizona 85715
The Decker Family

A TRIBUTE to the WEAVER



Blue Ribbon Rug
23"x30" serigraph.
Limited edition of 70.
$335.

For more information about purchasing this fine serigraph or original weavings by Isabell John, please contact Toh-Atin/Jackson David Co. by writing P.O. Box 2329, Durango, Colorado 81301 or phone our toll free number 1-800-525-0384 (National), or 1-800-332-5799 (Colorado). Credit cards accepted. Dealer inquiries are invited.

Isabell John

This unique serigraph is offered as a tribute to the outstanding artistic talents of the Navajo weaver, Isabell John. The image for this serigraph was taken from her 1981 Gallup Ceremonial Blue Ribbon pictorial weaving. The serigraph was executed by Harry Westland of Serigraphics, under the authorization of the weaver, and each impression has been signed and numbered by her.

Toh-Atin
JACKSON DAVID
TRADING CO.
Durango, Colorado